

PROCEEDINGS  
OF THE  
LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY  
OF  
LIVERPOOL.

DURING THE  
ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTH SESSION, 1918-1919,  
THE  
ONE HUNDRED AND NINTH SESSION, 1919-1920,  
AND THE  
ONE HUNDRED AND TENTH SESSION, 1920-1921.

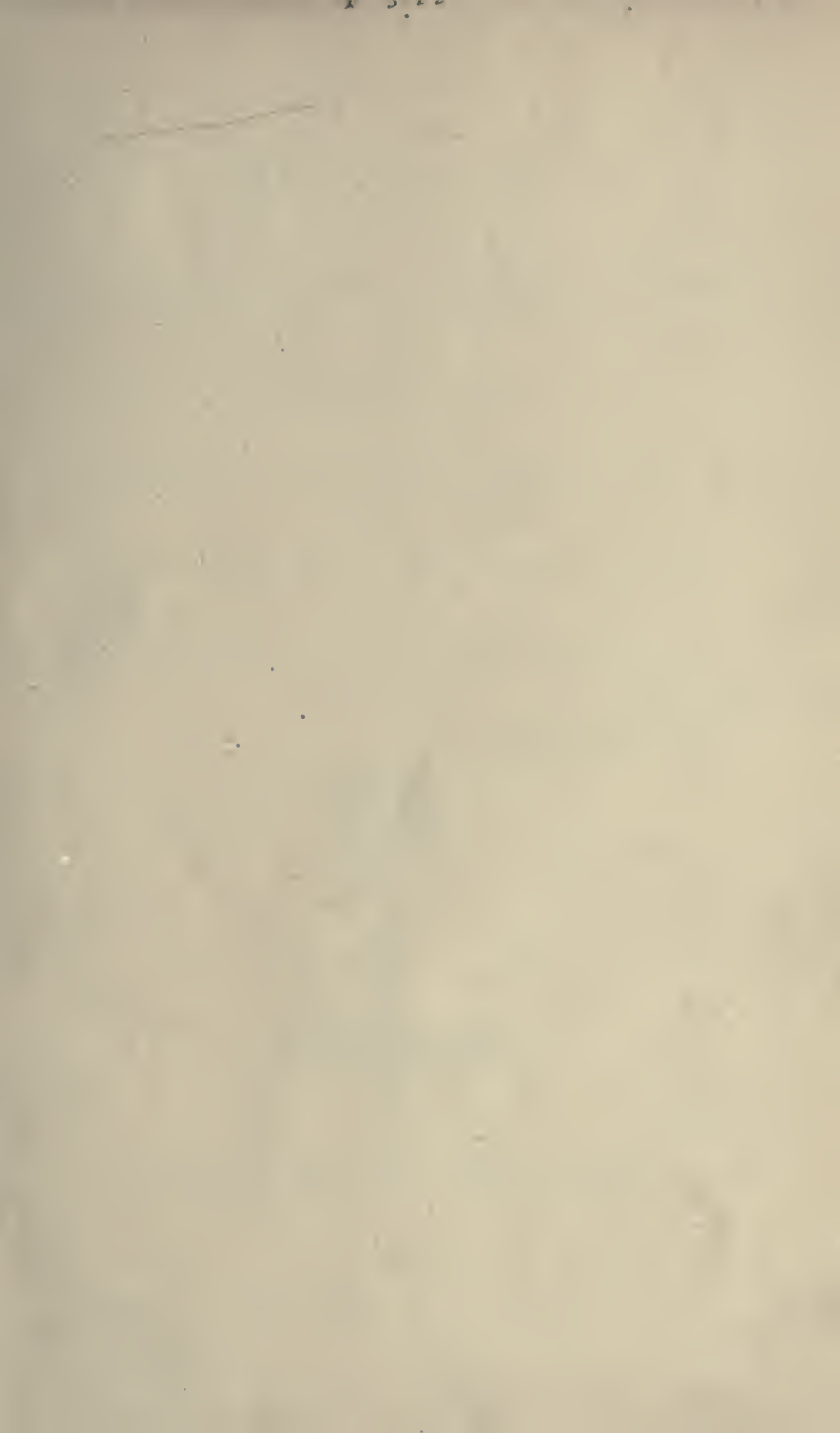
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LIVERPOOL:  
D. MARPLES & CO., 18, SOUTH CASTLE STREET.

1921.







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## PAPERS PRINTED.

### SESSION CVII.

Rev. I. RAFFALOVICH—"Israel's Literary Record in Dispersion."

### SESSION CVIII.

ALLAN H. BRIGHT, J.P.--"Success."

ROBERT H. CASE, B.A.--"Jane Austen."

### SESSION CIX.

C. Y. C. DAWBARN, M.A.--"Whither? or the Promise of the Dawn."

### SESSION CX.

Sir JAMES BARR, C.B.E., D.L., M.D., LL.D., F.R.C.P.,  
F.R.S.E.--"The Philosophy of Immanuel Kant."

## LIST OF PRESIDENTS

FROM THE FOUNDATION OF THE SOCIETY IN 1812.

## ELECTED.

1812	Rev. THEOPHILUS HOULBROOKE, LL.B.
1817	WILLIAM ROSCOE, F.R.S., F.L.S.
1831	THOMAS STEWART TRAILL, M.D.
1833	JOSEPH BROOKES YATES, F.S.A.
1839	Rev. JAMES MARTINEAU, LL.D.
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1849	JOSEPH BROOKES YATES, F.S.A.
1852	JOSEPH DICKINSON, M.A., M.D., F.R.S.
1855	ROBERT MCANDREW, F.R.S., F.L.S.
1856	THOMAS INMAN, M.D.
1859	Rev. HENRY HUGH HIGGINS, M.A.
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1879	[Sir] EDWARD R. RUSSELL.
1881	EDWARD DAVIES, F.C.S., F.I.C.
1883	RICHARD STEEL, J.P.
1885	WILLIAM CARTER, LL.B., M.D., B.Sc.
1887	JAMES BIRCHALL.
1889	Rev. HENRY HUGH HIGGINS, M.A.
1890	BARON LOUIS BENAS, J.P.
1892	Rev. GERALD H. RENDALL, M.A., Litt.D.
1894	J. BIRKBECK NEVINS, M.D.
1896	JOHN NEWTON, M.R.C.S.
1897	RICHARD J. LLOYD, D.Lit., M.A., F.R.S.E.
1899	Rev. EDWARD N. HOARE, M.A.
1900	J. MURRAY MOORE, M.D., M.R.C.S., F.R.G.S.
1901	Rev. EDMUND A. WESLEY, M.A.
1903	Rev. WILLIAM E. SIMS, A.K.C.
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1906	JAMES T. FOARD.
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1909	ALFRED E. HAWKES, M.D.
1910	THOMAS L. DODDS, J.P.
1911	Rev. EDMUND A. WESLEY, M.A.
1912	LIONEL R. WILBERFORCE, M.A.
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1914	GEORGE HENRY MORTON, M.S.A.
1915	Rev. WILLIAM E. SIMS, A.K.C., F.Ph.S.
1917	ALLAN HEYWOOD BRIGHT, J.P.
1919	C. Y. C. DAWBARN, M.A.
1920	Sir JAMES BARR, C.B.E., D.L., M.D., LL.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.S.E.



## COUNCIL.

SESSION CVIII, 1918-1919.

*President :*

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 SESSION CIX, 1919-1920.
 

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F.Ph.S.

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WALTER P. FORSTER.

KENNETH M. CONSTABLE,  
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WILLIAM H. BROAD, M.B.,  
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## COUNCIL.

SESSION CX, 1920-1921.

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EDWARD G. NARRAMORE, L.D.S.	Miss FLORENCE ROLLO, A.R.C.M.
WALTER P. FORSTER.	
EDWARD A. BRYANT.	

## ORDINARY MEMBERS

ON THE SOCIETY'S ROLL AT THE CLOSE OF THE 110TH SESSION.

*Life Members are marked with an asterisk (\*).**Associates are marked with a dagger (†).*

- 
- †Oct. 20, 1919 Adams, Miss Elenour, 44 *Devonshire-road, Sefton-park*
- †Oct. 20, 1919 Adams, Miss Doris, 44 *Devonshire-road, Sefton-park*
- Nov. 9, 1908 Ashley, W. J. B., 72 *Upton-road, Claughton, Birkenhead*, HON. SECRETARY
- †Dec. 9, 1918 Ashley, Mrs., 72 *Upton-road, Claughton, Birkenhead*
- Mar. 3, 1919 Atkinson, Mrs. W. C., *St. Anne's-road, Aigburth*
- Jan. 14, 1918 Barr, Sir James, C.B.E., D.L., M.D., LL.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.S.E., 72 *Rodney-street*, PRESIDENT
- Nov. 17, 1919 Barr, Lady, *Otterspool Bank, Aigburth*
- Oct. 28, 1907 Benas, Bertram B., B.A., LL.B., 4 *Wason-chambers, Harrington-street*
- Jan. 9, 1882 Benas, Phineas A., 5 *Princes-avenue*
- Oct. 9, 1911 Benington, Geo. M., 59 *Newsham-drive*
- Oct. 13, 1913 Bickerton, Thos. Herbert, J.P., L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., 88 *Rodney-street*
- Nov. 8, 1909 Black, John, 25 *Alexandra-drive, Princes-park*
- †Jan. 14, 1918 Blair, Miss Ivy, 166 *Bedford-street*
- †Dec. 9, 1918 Blair, Miss Nancy, *The Hollies, Park-road south, Birkenhead*
- Nov. 11, 1918 Bodey, Ralph T., M.A. (Oxon.), 63 *Hartington-road*

- †Jan. 20, 1919 Bodey, Mrs., 63 *Hartington-road*  
 †Oct. 7, 1895 Bramwell, Miss, Eye and Ear Infirmary,  
*Myrtle-street*  
 Nov. 1, 1920 Bridge, Rev. Donald, M.A., 19 *Erskine-*  
*street*  
 †Nov. 1, 1920 Bridge, Mrs., 19 *Erskine-street*  
 Oct. 13, 1913 Bright, Allan Heywood, J.P., *Barton Court,*  
*Colwell, Malvern*, EX-PRESIDENT  
 Oct. 13, 1913 Broad, William Henry, M.D., B.S., F.R.A.I.,  
 T.D, 17 *Rodney-street*  
 †Oct. 8, 1906 Brookfield, Samuel, 18 *Eaton-road, Cres-*  
*sington*  
 †Oct. 9, 1911 Brookfield, Mrs. 18 *Eaton-road, Cressing-*  
*ton*  
 Oct. 31, 1892 Brown, A. Theodore, 25 *Lord-street*, EX-  
 PRESIDENT  
 Oct. 13, 1913 Bryant, Edward Arthur, *Clydesdale, 8 Groes-*  
*road, Cressington*  
 †Jan. 20, 1919 Burnett, Miss Eleanor, *Devonshire-house,*  
*Devonshire-park, Birkenhead*  
 Oct 15, 1917 Burnett, Miss M. Edith, *Devonshire-house,*  
*Devonshire-park, Birkenhead*  
 †Oct. 9, 1911 Burrell, Miss C., 53 *Huskisson-street*  
 †Oct. 9, 1911 Burrell, Miss A., 53 *Huskisson-street*  
 Oct. 1, 1894 Candlin, W. J., 48 *Prussia-road, Hoylake*  
 Nov. 25, 1908 Cockburn, Arthur G., 8 *Rutherford-road,*  
*Mossley-hill*  
 Jan. 5, 1920 Cohan, Miss May, 10 *Aigburth-drive*  
 Nov. 1, 1915 Cookson, Charles, 3 *Olive-mount Villas,*  
*Wavertree*  
 †Nov. 1, 1900 Coventry, Mrs. Hubert, *Sandowne, Birken-*  
*head-road, Great Meols*  
 Oct. 18, 1920 Das, C. Kumara, 37 *Collart-road, Princes-*  
*park*  
 †Oct. 9, 1911 Davis, Miss G. Tank (R.R.C.), *Hahnemann*  
*Hospital, Hope-street*

- Oct. 9, 1916 Dawbarn, C. Y. C., M.A., 143 *Highfield-road, Rock Ferry*, Ex-PRESIDENT
- †Dec. 9, 1918 Dawbarn, Mrs., 143 *Highfield-road, Rock Ferry*
- †Oct. 20, 1919 Decker, Miss Katharine D., 9 *Mannering-road, Sefton-park*
- Oct. 18 1915 Digby, Capt. P. R ; 3/22 Sikh Infantry, *West Ridge, Rawalpindi, India*
- †Jan. 5, 1920 Dobson, Miss Emily M., 11 *Meadowcroft-road, Wallasey*
- Feb. 10, 1908 Dodds, Thomas L., O.B.E., J.P., *Charlesville, Birkenhead*, Ex-PRESIDENT
- Nov. 28, 1892 Douglas, Robert R., *Oaklands, Grassendale*
- †Nov. 11, 1912 Doyle, Mrs., *Ryemoor, Broadgreen*
- Nov. 18, 1889 Duncan, W. A., *Great Charlotte-street*
- Nov. 17, 1919 Edwards, Mrs., *The White Cottage, Freshfield*
- Jan. 28, 1918 Elwes, Dudley A., 17 *Oakbank-road, Sefton-park*
- †Oct. 9, 1911 English, Miss H. S., 15 *Gambier-terrace*
- Oct. 23, 1916 Eyre, Miss F., *Dovecot, Knotty Ash*
- †Nov. 20, 1920 Faivre, Mlle. Rose, 167 *Chatham-street*
- Oct. 29, 1888 Forster, Walter P., 17 *Tarleton-street*
- \*Nov. 26, 1917 Gibson, J. Hamilton, M.Eng., O.B.E., M.I.N.A., 7 *St. James'-road, New Brighton*
- \*Dec. 12, 1892 Gladstone, Robert, M.A., B.C.L., 9 *Liberty-buildings, School-lane*
- †Dec. 1, 1919 Glover, Miss Edith, 105 *Bedford-road, Bootle*
- Oct. 29, 1917 Grundy, Miss Margaret B., *Liverpool College, Lockerby-road, Fairfield*
- †Nov. 11, 1918 Hall, Miss Annie, L L.A., 1 *Grosvenor-terrace, Dingle*
- Oct. 9, 1911 Hamilton, Augustus, 14 *Hartington-road*
- †Oct. 9, 1911 Hamilton, Mrs. Augustus, 14 *Hartington-road*
- Nov. 1, 1920 Hay, Alexander, Kinnaird, *Palmerston-road, Wallasey*



- Feb. 3, 1919 Hodgson, Miss Renée, 38 *Canning-street*  
 †Nov. 27, 1911 Holt, J. G., 5 *St. Alban's-square, Bootle*  
 Dec. 15, 1919 Hughes, William B., B.A., 283 *Walton Breck-road, Anfield*  
 Nov. 26, 1917 Hunt, Frank F., 7 *Lancaster-avenue, Sefton-park*  
 Oct. 9, 1911 Hutchinson, S. Mason, J.P., *The Marfords, Bromborough*  
 Oct. 9, 1911 Hutchinson, Mrs., *The Marfords, Bromborough*  
 Dec. 13, 1920 Ivens, Miss Mary, M.B. B.S. (Lond.), 48A *Rodney-street*  
 Nov. 26, 1917 Jacobsen, William H., 36 *Rossett-road, Crosby*  
 †Nov. 26, 1917 Jacobsen, Miss Elizabeth, 63 *Newsham-drive*  
 †Nov. 11, 1918 Jacobsen, Miss Florence, 63 *Newsham-drive*  
 Oct. 20, 1919 Johnston, Frank B., M.A. (Cantab.), *Merida, Noctorum, Birkenhead*  
 Oct. 20, 1919 Johnston, H. Grattan, M.D., F.R.C.S.E., 10 *Manley-road, Waterloo*  
 †Nov. 15, 1920 Johnston, Mrs., 10 *Manley-road, Waterloo*  
 April 29, 1889 Jones, Morris P., J.P., 11 *Dale-street*  
 Dec. 1, 1919 Jones, A. Harry, 49 *Evered-avenue, Walton*  
 †Nov. 15, 1920 Jones, Miss Hilda Thornley, 6 *Abercromby-terrace, Oxford-street*  
 †Nov. 1, 1920 Joplin, Miss Ann, *Ruth House, Huyton*  
 Oct. 3, 1910 Keith, Rev. Khodadad, E., M.A., *Selside, Olive-lane, Wavertree*, HON. LIBRARIAN  
 †Nov. 3, 1919 Kewley, Miss Helen C., 10 *Park-road North, Birkenhead*  
 \*Dec. 11, 1871 Leigh, Richmond, M.R.C.S., L.S.A., *Reitz, Orange River Colony, S. Africa*  
 \*Nov. 12, 1917 Leverhulme, The Right Hon. Lord, *Thornton Manor, Thornton Hough, Cheshire*  
 \*Dec. 13, 1920 Lever, The Hon. Hulme, *Thornton Manor, Thornton Hough, Cheshire*  
 †Oct. 20, 1919 Lewis, Miss Jean, 14 *Cook-street*

- Oct. 20, 1919 Marsh, Harold Stansmore, 42 *Grange-mount, Birkenhead*
- Dec. 15, 1919 Mathews, Godfrey W., 23 *Holland-road, Liscard*
- Dec. 15, 1919 Mathews, Mrs., 23 *Holland-road, Liscard*
- †Jan. 5, 1920 Mawdsley, Mrs., *Coppice Leys, Formby*
- †Jan. 5, 1920 Mawdsley, Miss Norah H., *Coppice Leys, Formby*
- Oct. 23, 1916 McDonald, Archie W., M.D., L.R.C.P., *Glencoe, Huyton*
- Feb. 25, 1918 McElwain, Miss Louie, 72 *Upper Parliament-street*
- Oct. 30, 1882 McMaster, Col. John Maxwell, C.M.G., V.D., 19 *Castle-street*, HON. TREASURER
- †Nov. 1, 1920 McMaster, Mrs., 1 *Southwood-road, St. Michaels*
- Nov. 8, 1909 McMillan, Miss E., 16 *Ashfield-road*
- Nov. 26, 1917 McMenemey, W. H., M.I.N.A., 55 *Greenbank-road, Birkenhead*
- \*Oct. 13, 1911 Mellor, John, *Somerford, Nicholas-road, Blundellsands*
- \*Oct. 5, 1914 Mellor, Miss F. E., *Fronderion, Glandwr, near Barmouth*
- Nov. 11, 1918 Mellor, Rev. Stanley A., B.A., Ph.D., 23 *Huskisson-street*
- Nov. 11, 1918 Mellor, Rev. Walter S., M.A., *St. Alban's Vicarage, 78 Shaw-street*
- Nov. 11, 1918 Mellor, Miss Alice L., *Fronderion Glandwr, Barmouth*
- Feb. 2, 1920 Mellor, Commander William, D.S.O., R.N., *Oaklands, Rabbit-road, Blundellsands*
- Oct. 15, 1917 Melly, Miss Eva, 90 *Chatham-street*
- Feb. 28, 1921 Meredith, Miss Jane E., *Lady Superintendent, H.M. Prison, Walton*
- Jan. 28, 1918 Mewton, John R., L.R.I.B.A., 53 *Rodney-street*



- †Dec. 13, 1920 Mewton, Miss Sara, 53 *Rodney-street*  
 Dec. 15, 1919 Millard, Richard F., 86 *Mulgrave-street, Princes-road*  
 †Dec. 9, 1918 Montgomery, Miss Evelyn, 46 *Manor-road, Meols*  
 †Nov. 15, 1920 Montgomery, Mrs., 46 *Manor-road, Hoylake*  
 Jan. 5, 1920 Moore, Miss Martha C., M.A., 25 *Galloway-road, Waterloo*  
 Mar. 6, 1882 Morton, George Henry, M.S.A., 14 *Grove-park, EX-PRESIDENT*  
 Oct. 5, 1914 Morton, Mrs., 14 *Grove-park*  
 \*Oct. 21, 1867 Muspratt, Edmund K., Ph.D., J.P., *Seaforth Hall, Seaforth*  
 Nov. 26, 1900 Narramore, Edward G., L.D.S., Eng., 39 *Canning-street*  
 Oct. 1, 1894 Nevins, J. Ernest, M.B. (Lond.), 32 *Princes-avenue*  
 Nov. 2, 1896 Newton, Alfred William, M.A., 213 *North Hill-street, KEEPER OF THE RECORDS*  
 Dec. 15, 1919 Newton, Miss Adelaide C., 143 *Highfield-road, Rock Ferry*  
 Mar. 1, 1920 Noble, Arthur H., 4 *Abercromby-square*  
 Jan. 6, 1919 Peach, Rev. Herbert, M.A., *St. Chrysostom's Vicarage, 51 Belmont Road*  
 Dec. 15, 1919 Porter, Charles 10 *Wellesley-terrace, Belvidere-road*  
 Oct. 9, 1913 Public Library, The, of South Australia, Adelaide  
 †Nov. 1, 1920 Purvis, Miss Jane (R.R.C.), 96 *Princes-road*  
 †Dec. 9, 1918 Pye, Miss Hilda, 115 *Oakfield-road, Anfield*  
 Nov. 8, 1909 Raffalovich, Rev. I., 34 *Mulgrave-street*  
 Oct. 31, 1881 Rennie, J. W., 38 *Castle-road, Liscard*  
 Oct. 25, 1909 Richardson, R. D., *Southlands, Aigburth-road*  
 Nov. 15, 1920 Roberts, John Ellison, *Grasmere, Darley-drive, West Derby*

- †Jan. 23, 1911 Robson, Miss Winifred F., 7 *Bertram-road, Sefton-park*
- Mar. 5, 1917 Rollo, Miss Florence, A.R.C.M., *The Park, Waterloo*
- Nov. 15, 1920 Rollo, Miss Gertrude, *The Park, Waterloo*
- Nov. 11, 1918 Rollo, Miss Katherine, *The Church House, Formby*
- \*Mar. 25, 1912 Rothschild, Lord, Ph.D., F.R.S., Director, Zoological Museum, *Tring, Herts*
- Nov. 12, 1883 Rutherford, Sir William Watson, M.P (Messrs. Rutherfords), 41 *Castle-street*
- †Dec. 12, 1892 Rye, Miss Ellen L., *Bedford College, Bedford-street*
- Feb. 3, 1919 Salter, Mrs., 198 *Wadham-road, Bootle*
- †Oct. 18, 1920 Scott, Miss Edith H., *Athofeld, Cressington-park*
- Oct. 18, 1897 Shelley, Roland J. A., F.R.Hist.S., *Oceanic House, 1A Cockspur-street, London*
- Oct. 31, 1898 Sims, Rev. Canon, A.K.C., F.Ph.S., *The Vicarage, Aigburth, EX-PRESIDENT*
- †Nov. 2, 1903 Sims, Mrs., *The Vicarage, Aigburth*
- April 4, 1870 Smith, James, *The Knowle, Blundellsands*
- Nov. 3, 1919 Swale, Joseph, *Alma House, Alma-road, Aigburth*
- Nov. 11, 1918 Tassell, Miss Edith, LL.A., 20 *Argyle-road, Anfield*
- Dec. 9, 1918 Thompson, Edmund R., *Eaton Bank, Cressington*
- Oct. 21, 1878 Thompson, J. W., B.A. (Lond. and Victoria), *Hazel-bank, Freshfield*
- Nov. 29, 1920 Tinne, Mrs., *Oak Cottage, The Serpentine, Aigburth*
- Nov. 17, 1919 Trenery, Miss Ethelwyn, 8 *Lynwood-road, Walton*
- Oct. 19, 1914 Turnbull, G. H., 49 *Woodlands-road, Aigburth*
- †Oct. 19, 1914 Walker, Miss Isabel E., *Park House, Huyton*

- †Nov. 11, 1918 Walton, Miss Helen, LL.A., 27 *Clarendon-road, Garston*
- Oct. 18, 1920 Wardle William, 4 *Olive-lane, Wavertree*
- †Oct. 18, 1920 Wardle, Mrs., 4 *Olive-lane, Wavertree*
- †Mar. 15, 1920 Whiteway, Mrs., 11A *Huskisson-street*
- April 1, 1901 Wilberforce, Prof. L. R., M.A., 5 *Ashfield-road, Aigburth*, Ex-PRESIDENT
- Oct. 19, 1914 Wright, Alfred E., *Westby Haigh-road, Waterloo*
- †Nov. 8, 1909 Wright, Miss, 29 *Greenheys-road, Princes-park*
- †Nov. 8, 1909 Wright, Miss M. T., 29 *Greenheys-road, Princes-park*
- Nov. 1, 1920 Ziegler, Mrs., 23 *Croxleth-road,*

## HONORARY MEMBERS.

LIMITED TO FIFTY.

- 1.—1897 Henry Longuet Higgins, 75 Gunterstone-road,  
*West Kensington, London, W.*
- 2.—1899 Rev. G. H. Rendall, M.A., Litt.D., *Dedham House-  
Dedham, Essex*, EX-PRESIDENT
- 3.—1911 Hugh Reynolds Rathbone, J.P., *Oakwood, Aigburth*
- 4.—1911 Right Rev. Francis James Chavasse, D.D., LL.D.,  
M.A., *The Palace, Abercromby-square*
- 5.—1911 Right Rev. Wm. Boyd Carpenter, D.D., D.C.L.,  
D.Litt., 14 *Wilton-street, London, S.W.*
- 6.—1911 Right Hon. Augustine Birrell, P.C., K.C., M.P.,  
LL.D.,
- 7.—1911 Sir Dyce Duckworth, Bart., M.D., F.R.C.P., LL.D.,  
28 *Grosvenor-place, London, S.W.*
- 8.—1911 Sir Donald MacAlister, K.C.B., D.C.L., LL.D.,  
M.D., M.A., B.Sc., F.R.C.P., F.R.G.S.,  
*University of Glasgow*
- 9.—1911 Sir Walter Raleigh, K.C.B., M.A., Prof. of English  
Litt., *Oxford*
- 10.—1911 Sir William Watson, LL.D., *Devonshire Club, St.  
James's, S.W.*
- 11.—1911 Richard Caton, M.D., LL.D., F.R.C.P., J.P., *Holly  
Lea, Livingston-drive South, Liverpool*
- 12.—1911 Professor John MacCunn, M.A., LL.D., *Ben Cruash  
Lodge, Tarbet, Loch Lomond*
- 13.—1911 Professor Wm. Abbot Herdman, D.Sc., F.L.S.,  
F.R.S., *Croxteeth Lodge, Liverpool*
- 14.—1911 Rev. John Bennet Lancelot, M.A., *St. James'  
Vicarage, Birkdale*

- 15.—1912 Right Hon. Edward George Villiers Stanley, P.C.,  
G.C.V.O., C.B., D.L., 17th Earl of Derby,  
*Knowsley, Prescot*
- 16.—1912 Sir Oliver Joseph Lodge, M.Sc., F.R.S., D.Sc.,  
LL.D., M.I.E.E., *Mariemont, Edgbaston*
- 17.—1912 Sir Wm. Martin Conway, M.A., F.S.A., F.R.G.S.,  
*Allington Castle, Maidstone*
- 18.—1912 Sir Wm. Bower Forwood, K.C.B.E., D.L., J.P.,  
*Bromborough Hall, Cheshire*
- 19.—1912 Stuart Deacon, B.A., LL.B., J.P., *Gorse Cliff,*  
*New Brighton*
- 20.—1912 Henry Duckworth, F.L.S., F.R.G.S., F.G.S., J.P.,  
*Grey Friars, Chester*
- 21.—1912 Professor Andrew Cecil Bradley, LL.D., Litt.D.,  
M.A., 9 *Edwards-square, Kensington, W.*
- 22.—1912 Professor Edward Jenks, B.C.L., M.A., 9 *Old-*  
*square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.*
- 23.—1918 Rev. Edmund Alfred Wesley, M.A., *Benlake, New-*  
*land, Malvern Link, EX-PRESIDENT*
- 24.—His Honour Judge A. P. Thomas, J.P., LL.B., B.A.,  
*Homewood, Holly-road, Fairfield*

THE LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF LIVERPOOL.

## HONORARY TREASURER'S STATEMENT—SESSION 1917-18.

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xi.

RECEIPTS.				£	s.	d.	PAYMENTS.				£	s.	d.
Balance from last Account (Session 1916-17)	...	...	...	9	14	2	Royal Institution—Rent	...	...	...	12	0	0
63 Subscriptions at £1 1/-	...	...	...	66	3	0	Cheque Book	...	...	...	0	2	1
29     "     at 10/6	...	...	...	15	4	6	J. Lizars—Lantern, Mr. D. D. D.	...	...	...	0	17	6
							"     "     Mr. Legge	...	...	...	0	17	6
Arrears received, 6 at £1 1/-, 2 at 10/6	...	...	...	7	7	0	W. J. B. Ashley—Secretarial and Disbursements	...	...	...	20	0	0
Lord Leverhulme—Life Membership	...	...	...	10	10	0	Mrs. Ellick—Refreshments	...	...	...	21	8	10
Interest allowed by Bank, 6/9, 6/-	...	...	...	0	12	9	D. Marples & Co.	...	...	...	17	11	8
Volume Sold	...	...	...	0	1	0	Hon. Secretary—Postage, Red Book, etc., Oct. 17 to April 18	...	...	...	2	1	1
							"     "     April 18 to Sep. 18	...	...	...	0	12	7
							Hon. Treasurer—Postage, 10/-; Commission paid on Collection of Subscriptions	...	...	...	1	10	6
							Balance in Bank	...	...	...	32	10	8
											£109	12	5

*Audited and found correct,*

KENNETH COOK,

EDWARD G. NARRAMORE.

LIVERPOOL, 18<sup>th</sup> October, 1918.

# THE LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF LIVERPOOL.

Dr.

HONORARY TREASURER'S STATEMENT—SESSION 19 8-19.

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RECEIPTS.				£	s.	d.	PAYMENTS.				£	s.	d.				
Balance from last Account (Session 1917-18)				...	32	10	8	Royal Institution—Rent				...	12	0	0		
77 Subscriptions at £1 1/-				...	80	17	0	Hon. Secretary—Secretarial and Disbursements...				...	20	0	0		
34     "      at 10/6				...	17	17	0	J. Lizars—Lantern, Mr. Copnall's Lecture				...	1	1	0		
								"      "      Dr. Hawkes' Paper				...	1	1	0		
Arrears received				...	...	...	98	14	0	"      "      Rev. K. E. Keith's Paper...				...	1	1	0
Volumes sold				...	...	...	7	17	6	D. Marples & Co.				...	24	2	8
Donation—Mr. Dawbarn				...	...	...	0	10	6	Mrs. Ellick—Refreshments				...	19	1	10
Interest allowed by Bank				...	...	...	5	0	0	Lee & Nightingale—Advertising Dr. Lodge's Papers				...	2	5	0
				...	...	...	0	19	3	Mason's, Birkenhead—Wreath, the late Mrs. Keith				...	1	10	0
										Hon. Treasurer—Postage, 16/6; Cash Book, 1/-...				...	0	17	6
										"      "      Collection of Subscriptions, Com- mission				...	1	1	0
										Hon. Secretary—Postage				...	3	10	2
										"      "      Red Book				...	0	2	5
										Cheque Book				...	0	4	2
										Balance in Bank				...	57	14	2
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# THE LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF LIVERPOOL.

Dr.

## HONORARY TREASURER'S STATEMENT—SESSION 1919-20.

Cr.

RECEIPTS.		£. s. d.	PAYMENTS.		£. s. d.
Balance from last Statement (Session 1918-19)	...	57 14 2	Royal Institution—Rent	...	12 0 0
94 Subscriptions at £1 1/-	...	98 14 0	Hon. Secretary—Secretarial and Disbursements	...	...
40 " at 10/6	...	21 0 0	(1918-1919)	...	...
Arrears received	...	119 14 0	D. Marples & Co.	...	20 0 0
Interest allowed by Bank	...	3 13 6	" " General Account	...	48 12 8
	...	1 15 0	" " Balance, Volume	...	12 12 8
	...		Mrs. Ellick—Refreshments	...	45 0 0
	...		Rushworth & Dreaper—Hire of Piano, Mr. Boulton's Lecture	...	22 17 8
	...		Frank Bertrand, Mr. Boulton's Lecture	...	2 10 0
	...		Rev. A. L. Cortie—Expenses	...	2 2 0
	...		Lee & Nightingale—Advertising Mr. Boulton's Lecture	...	1 1 0
	...		W. H. Tomkinson—Lantern	...	2 5 0
	...		Hon. Treasurer—Postage	...	2 2 0
	...		Hon. Treasurer's Assistant—Collection of Subscriptions	...	0 15 0
	...		Hon. Secretary—Postages, April 9 to Sep. 30, 1920	...	2 2 0
	...		" " Red Book	...	3 18 1
	...		Balance to Credit	...	0 4 5
	...			...	4 13 11
	...			...	<u>£182 16 8</u>

*Audited and found correct,*

J. W. THOMPSON,

EDWARD G. NARRAMORE.

18th October, 1920.



PROCEEDINGS  
OF THE  
LIVERPOOL  
LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.  

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ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTH SESSION, 1918-19.  

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ROYAL INSTITUTION, LIVERPOOL.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Society was held on Monday, the 14th October, 1918. The President, Mr. Allan H. Bright, J.P., occupied the chair. In the absence on service of the Hon. Treasurer (Col. J. M. McMaster), the Financial Statement was presented by the Hon. Secretary, Mr. William J. B. Ashley. This, together with the following Report of the Council, which had been printed and circulated, was then duly adopted:—

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL.

The One Hundred and Seventh Session of the Society (1917-18) was presided over by Mr. Allan H. Bright, J.P., whose inaugural address, entitled "Human Progress in the Christian Era," was much appreciated by the Society, as well as his constant diligence throughout the Session in all the duties of the chair.

The lectures and literary papers contributed by members and visitors were of exceptional interest, and

maintained the best traditions of the Society. The average attendance at the meetings was 80, this being greater than for some years past.

The financial position of the Society is good; the general and incidental expenses have been kept within reasonable limits, and the Society is free of liabilities; this is partly due to the gratifying increase in the membership, there being added to the roll during the Session the names of nineteen ordinary and eight associate new members.

The congratulations of the Society were tendered to Sir William B. Forwood, K.C.B.E., Sir William Watson Rutherford, Lieut.-Col. Nathan Raw, C.M.G., Mr. Thomas L. Dodds, O.B.E., and Mr. J. Hamilton Gibson, O.B.E., on the bestowal of honours by the King.

The loss sustained by the decease of Mr. J. Hampden Jackson, F.R.G.S., F.C.I.S., will long be felt. Mr. Jackson had been a member for twenty years. He was Vice-President in the years 1900-3 and 1906, and President in the years 1907-8, and the first Keeper of the Records.

Two of Mr. Jackson's papers will be found in the volumes of the Society's *Proceedings*, and the titles of four others are given in his manuscript index of its unprinted papers. His essays on the Public and Temple revenues of the Ancient World are the able result of studious research into a little known subject. Mr. Jackson also compiled and presented to the Society the Centenary Roll, a work of laborious effort and of inestimable value as a record of the Society's membership. Besides the manuscript list of the Society's unprinted papers (1812-1912), he wrote out a list of communications and exhibits for the same period, and an author-index combining these with the printed papers, of which Mr. Alfred W. Newton has given us the

*Centenary Index.* The success of the Centenary celebrations in 1911-12 was largely due to Mr. Jackson's personal initiation and zeal. These services, so freely and generously given, are testimonies of Mr. Jackson's devotion to the Society, and have earned for him a lasting distinction in its annals.

The Council also records with regret the deaths during the Session of Mr. John W. Hughes, Mr. J. Simm Smith, and Lieut. Garfield Warrington, the last-named being killed in action.

The Rev. Edmund A. Wesley, M.A., accepted an Honorary Membership on his retirement and intended departure from Liverpool.

The President then delivered his Inaugural Address, entitled "Success." A resolution of thanks to the President for his interesting paper was moved by the Rev. E. A. Wesley, seconded by Mr. C. Y. C. Dawbarn, and carried unanimously.

Officers for the Session were elected as follows:—Vice-President—Lieut.-Col. Nathan Raw, C.M.G., M.D., M.R.C.P. Hon. Treasurer—Col. J. M. McMaster, C.M.G., V.D. Hon. Secretary—Mr. William J. B. Ashley. Hon. Librarian—Rev. Khodadad E. Keith, M.A. Keeper of the Records—Mr. Alfred W. Newton, M.A.

The following members were elected to serve on the Council in place of those retiring:—Sir James Barr and Mr. Walter P. Forster, and the following were re-elected to serve thereon:—Mr. Bertram Benas, Mr. Kenneth Cook, Rev. F. Linstead Downham, Rev. I. Raffalovich, Mr. Roland J. A. Shelley, Mr. John W. Thompson, Mr. Thomas A. Bickerton, and Mr. C. Y. C. Dawbarn.

## ORDINARY MEETINGS.

II. 28th October, 1918. The President occupied the chair, and introduced Sir Oliver Lodge, M.Sc., F.R.S., LL.D., M.I.E.E., who delivered an address entitled "The Ether of Space."

III. 11th November, 1918. The President occupied the chair. Mr. Thomas L. Dodds read a paper entitled "Provincial England in the time of Shakespeare: an Itinerary."

Miss Katherine Rollo, Rev. Alexander Connell, Rev. Stanley Mellor, Mr. Ralph J. Bodey, Rev. Walter S. Mellor, Miss Alice L. Mellor. and Miss Edith Tassell were elected Members of the Society; Miss Helen Walton, Miss Annie Hall, and Miss Florence Jacobsen were elected as Associates.

IV. 25th November, 1918. In the absence of the President, the Rev. W. E. Sims occupied the chair, and, after alluding to the death of Mr. William Saxton, introduced Professor P. M. Roxby, B.A. (*Professor of Geography in the University of Liverpool*), who delivered an address entitled "The Geography of the Holy Land."

The Hon. Félicie Norton and Mr. Arthur G. Cockburn were elected Members of the Society, and Miss Beatrice Side was elected as an Associate.

V. 9th December, 1918. The President occupied the chair, and introduced Mr. George T. Shaw (*Chief Librarian, Liverpool Public Libraries*), who delivered an address entitled "Reconstruction and Public Libraries."

Mr. William F. Stead, Mr. Henry E. Stephens, Mrs. Stephens, and Mr. Edmund R. Thompson were elected Members of the Society; Mrs. Dawbarn, Mrs. Ashley, Miss Evelyn Montgomery, Miss Agnes Alfrey, Miss Hilda Pye, and Miss Nancy Blair were elected as Associates.

VI. 6th January, 1919. The President occupied the chair, and, after alluding to the death of Miss Nina Hamilton, one of the youngest members of the Society, introduced Mr. Frank T. Copnall, who delivered a lecture, illustrated by lantern views, entitled "Some of my Favourite Portraits and Pictures."

The Rev. Herbert Peach was elected a Member of the Society.

VII. 20th January, 1919. The President occupied the chair. Mr. Edward A. Bryant read a paper entitled "Psychology—The Mind and its relation to Life."

Mrs. Bodey and Miss Burnett were elected as Associates of the Society.

VIII. 3rd February, 1919. The President occupied the chair. Dr. A. E. Hawkes delivered an address, illustrated by lantern views, entitled "An Hour with Homer."

Mrs. Wills Harper and Miss Rénee Hodgson were elected Members of the Society; Mrs. Salter was elected as an Associate.

IX. 17th February, 1919. The President occupied the chair, and, after alluding to the loss the Society had sustained by the death of Mr. Harding A. Roberts, introduced the Rev. H. Costley White, M.A. (*Principal of the Liverpool College*), who delivered an address entitled "Browning's 'The Ring and the Book.'"

The President exhibited a copy of *Emblemata Horatianna*, by Otto Vuenius, autographed by Browning.

X. 3rd March, 1919. The President occupied the chair, and introduced Mr. R. H. Case, B.A. (*Associate-Professor of English Literature in the University of Liverpool*), who read a paper entitled "Jane Austen."

Mrs. Atkinson was elected a Member of the Society.

XI. 17th March, 1919. The President occupied the chair, and in suitable terms proposed that Mr. C. Y. C.



Dawbarn, M.A., be elected President of the Society for the coming Session. The proposal was seconded by the Rev. W. E. Sims, and carried with unanimity.

In accepting the office of President, Mr. Dawbarn remarked that he greatly appreciated the high honour that had been conferred upon him, and would endeavour during his term of office to maintain the great traditions of the Society.

The Rev. K. E. Keith, M.A., lectured upon "Persia, its Races, Customs, Antiquities, Sights and Scenes, and the War," illustrated by lantern views.

The attendances at the meetings during the Session were:—Annual Meeting, 40; Ordinary Meetings, 800, 51, 71, 51, 83, 85, 80, 71, 41, 63.

## ONE HUNDRED AND NINTH SESSION, 1919-20.

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ROYAL INSTITUTION, LIVERPOOL.

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## ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Society was held on Monday, the 20th October, 1919. The retiring President occupied the chair.

In the absence on service of the Hon. Treasurer (Col. J. M. McMaster, C.M.G., V.D.), and on the invitation of the President, the Financial Statement was presented by the Hon. Secretary (Mr. William J. B. Ashley). This, together with the following Report of the Council, which had been printed and circulated, was then duly adopted.

## REPORT OF THE COUNCIL.

In presenting to the members the Annual Report of the One Hundred and Eighth Session, the Council have pleasure in stating that the membership is higher than it has been for many years, and that the attendance at the meetings averaged 130.

Mr. Allan Bright, who was President during the previous Session, again occupied the chair. His Presidential Address, entitled "Success," was much appreciated, and to his untiring exertions the Society is indebted for the stimulus it has received.

The lectures and literary papers contributed by members and visitors have been in every way worthy of the Society's past record, among the most noteworthy being

the address by Sir Oliver Lodge, entitled "The Ether of Space," which, unfortunately, could not be incorporated in the printed *Proceedings*.\*

The finances of the Society, after all liabilities have been met, shew a credit balance.

Your congratulations were tendered to Sir Edward Russell on his elevation to the Peerage, and to the Rev. William E. Sims on his appointment to an honorary canonry in the Liverpool Cathedral.

The loss sustained us through the death of Dr. A. E. Hawkes will be severely felt. Dr. Hawkes, who was President in the year 1909-10, had been a member for twenty-five years. He took an active and cordial part in all matters respecting the advancement and welfare of the Society, and several of his papers will be found in the past volumes of our *Proceedings*.

The decease of Mrs. Keith has removed from among us a lady of culture and ability. Mrs. Keith was an effective and graceful speaker, and contributed a valuable paper on education to the Society. We all sympathize with the Rev. Khodadad E. Keith in his sad loss.

By the death of the Rev. F. Linstead Downham we are deprived of a gentle and courteous personality. Mr. Downham's love of poetry was well known, and the sonnets he wrote and dedicated to the Society, in commemoration of the tercentenary of the death of Shakespeare, are included in the last volume of *Proceedings*.

During the year we have sustained still further losses by the deaths of Miss Jessie Macgregor (an Honorary Member), Miss Nina Hamilton, Mr. William Saxton, Mr. Harding A. Roberts, and Mrs. Wills Harper, whose presence we shall miss at our meetings.

\* An abstract of the address appeared in the *Hibbert Journal* for January, 1919, under the title of "Ether, Matter, and the Soul."



On the motion of the Rev. Canon Sims, seconded by Mr. Thomas L. Dodds, a cordial vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. Bright for his constant diligence in all the duties of the chair during his period of office. Mr. Bright having suitably replied, requested the new President, Mr. C. Y. C. Dawbarn, to take the chair.

Mr. Dawbarn then delivered his Inaugural Address, entitled "Whither? or the Promise of the Dawn." A resolution of thanks to the President was moved by Mr. Theodore Brown, seconded by Mr. Samuel Brookfield, and carried unanimously.

Officers for the Session were then duly elected as follows:—Vice-President—Sir James Barr, M.D. Hon. Treasurer—Col. J. M. McMaster, C.M.G., V.D. Hon. Secretary—Mr. William J. B. Ashley. Hon. Librarian—Rev. K. E. Keith, M.A. Keeper of the Records—Mr. Alfred W. Newton, M.A.

The following members were elected to serve on the Council in place of those retiring:—Mr. Kenneth Constable, Mr. Edward A. Bryant, and Dr. William H. Broad, and the following were re-elected to serve thereon:—Mr. Bertram B. Benas, Rev. I. Raffalovich, Mr. Roland J. A. Shelley, Mr. John W. Thompson, Mr. Thomas A. Bickerton, Mr. Edward G. Narramore, and Mr. Walter P. Forster.

Dr. Grattan Johnston, Mr. Frank B. Johnston, and Mr. Harold S. Marsh were elected Members of the Society; Miss Katherine Decker, Miss Elenour Adams, Miss Doris Adams, and Miss Jean Lewis were elected as Associates.

## ORDINARY MEETINGS.

II. 3rd November, 1919. The President occupied the chair. Mrs. Allan Bright delivered an address entitled "Leonardi da Vinci."

His Honour Judge A. P. Thomas was elected an Honorary Member; Mrs. Ogden, Miss Mizpah Gilbert, Mr. Joseph Swale, and Mr. William Foster were elected ordinary Members; Miss Helen Kewley and Miss Evelyn Woodward were elected as Associates of the Society.

III. 17th November, 1919. The President occupied the chair, and, after alluding to the death of Mr. Thomas Dowdall, introduced the Rev. A. L. Cortie, S.J., F.R.A.S. (*Director of the Stonyhurst College Observatory*), who delivered a lecture, illustrated by lantern views, entitled "New Stars."

Lady Barr, Mrs. Edwards, and Miss Ethelwyn Trenevy were elected Members of the Society.

IV. 1st December, 1919. The President occupied the chair, and introduced Mr. Adrian Boulton, M.A., B.Mus., who lectured upon "The Art of Listening to Music." Mr. Frank Bertrand played the musical illustrations.

Mr. A. Harry Jones was elected a Member of the Society, and Miss Ruth Glover was elected as an Associate.

V. 15th December, 1919. The President occupied the chair. Mr. Thomas L. Dodds read a paper entitled "The French Revolution and its meaning to us."

Miss Adelaide Newton, Miss Hetty Wilson, Mr. Charles Porter, Mr. Godfrey Mathews, Mrs. Mathews, Mr. William Hughes, and Mr. Richard Millard were elected Members of the Society; Mrs. Gerard-Thomson was elected as an Associate.

VI. 5th January, 1920. The President occupied the chair. The Rev. Alexander Connell, M.A., B.D., read a paper entitled "The Poetry of Matthew Arnold."

Miss Martha Moore and Miss May Cohan were elected Members of the Society; Mrs. Mawdsley, Miss Norah Mawdsley and Miss Emily Döbson were elected as Associates.

VII. 19th January, 1920. The President occupied the chair, and introduced Mr. Lascelles Abercrombie (*Lecturer in Poetry in the University of Liverpool*), who delivered an address entitled "Beauty in Art."

VIII. 2nd February, 1920. The President, on taking the chair, intimated that, through indisposition, the Hon. W. Hulme Lever, J.P., was unfortunately unable to deliver his address in person that evening.

The address, entitled "Japan—The Garden of Asia," which was illustrated by lantern views, was delivered by Mr. John Cheshire, who kindly consented to act as Mr. Lever's deputy.

Commander William Mellor was elected a Member of the Society.

IX. 16th February, 1920. The President occupied the chair. H. Grattan Johnston, M.D., F.R.C.S.E., delivered an address entitled "The Negro of Jamaica, or Notes from the Diary of a Doctor."

X. 1st March, 1920. The President occupied the chair, and suitably alluded to the loss the Society had sustained by the death of Lord Russell of Liverpool. The Rev. Stanley Mellor, B.A., Ph.D., then read a paper entitled "Stoicism and Modern Life."

Mr. Arthur H. Noble was elected a Member of the Society.

XI. 15th March, 1920. The President occupied the chair. On the motion of the Rev. Canon Sims, seconded

by Mr. Thomas L. Dodds, and carried with unanimity, Sir James Barr, C.B.E., D.L., M.D., LL.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.S.E., was elected President for the coming Session.

Mr. William Wardle then delivered an address entitled "The Centenary of John Ruskin," and exhibited an interesting collection of manuscripts, portraits, and hand-woven work, including Mr. Ruskin's christening robe and cap.

Mrs. Whiteway was elected as an Associate of the Society.

Attendances at the meetings during the Session were:—Annual Meeting, 84; Ordinary Meetings, 127, 85, 560, 44, 68, 83, 290, 71, 75, 67.

## ONE HUNDRED AND TENTH SESSION, 1920-21.

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ROYAL INSTITUTION, LIVERPOOL.

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## ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Society was held on Monday, 18th October, 1920. The retiring President occupied the chair. The Report of the Council was read by the Hon. Secretary, and this, together with the Financial Statement presented by the Hon. Treasurer, was duly adopted.

## REPORT OF THE COUNCIL.

The One Hundredth and Ninth Session of the Society (1919-20) was of exceptional interest. It was presided over by Mr. C. Y. C. Dawbarn, M.A., whose original inaugural address, entitled "Whither? or the Promise of the Dawn," was much appreciated by the Society.

The papers read during the Session well maintained the Society's high standard of excellence, and the evenings devoted to music, science, and literary topics, are considered by your Council to have been successful.

The membership is gratifying; the Session closing with a roll of 27 Honorary Members, 7 Life Members, 97 Ordinary Members, and 43 Associates, and the attendance at the meetings averaged 141.

We have lost during the year by death, our distinguished ex-President, Lord Russell of Liverpool, whose association with the Society extended over a period of



forty-eight years. Fifteen literary papers and addresses by him to the Society will be found in the printed *Volumes of Proceedings*. The Rev. Edward Hicks, D.D., also an ex-President, Mr. Thomas Dowdall, and Mrs. Humphrey Ward (an Honorary Member), have passed away.

Officers for the Session were then elected as follows:—Vice-President—Mr. John W. Thompson, B.A. Hon. Treasurer—Col. J. M. McMaster, C.M.G., V.D. Hon. Librarian—Rev. K. E. Keith, M.A. Hon. Secretary—Mr. William J. B. Ashley. Keeper of the Records—Mr. Alfred W. Newton, M.A.

The following members were elected to serve on the Council in place of those retiring:—H. Grattan Johnston, M.D., F.R.C.S.E., Mr. J. Hamilton Gibson, O.B.E., M.I.N.A., M.Eng., and Miss Florence Rollo, A.R.C.M., and the following were reappointed to serve thereon:—Mr. Bertram B. Benas, Rev. I. Raffalovich, Mr. Thomas H. Bickerton, Mr. Edward G. Narramore, Mr. Walter P. Forster, Mr. Edward A. Bryant, and Dr. William H. Broad. A cordial welcome was extended to Col. McMaster on his demobilisation after six years with the forces.

A reception was subsequently held by the President and Lady Barr, after which the President delivered his Inaugural Address, entitled “The Philosophy of Immanuel Kant.”

Mr. William Wardle and Mr. C. Kumara Das were elected Members of the Society; Mrs. Wardle and Miss Edith Scott were elected as Associates.

## ORDINARY MEETINGS.

II. 1st November, 1920. The President occupied the chair, and, after making sympathetic reference to the death of Miss Hetty Wilson, introduced J. George Adami,

C.B.E., M.D., F.R.S. (*Vice-Chancellor of the University of Liverpool*), who delivered an address entitled "A Round-about Paper."

Mrs. Ziegler, Rev. Donald Bridge, M.A., and Mr. Alexander Hay were elected Members of the Society; Mrs. McMaster, Mrs. Bridge, Miss Jane Purvis, Mrs. Coventry, and Miss Ann Joplin were elected as Associates.

III. 15th November, 1920. The President occupied the chair, and introduced Miss Lena Ashwell, who delivered an address entitled "The Growth of Character through Self-expression."

Miss Gertrude Rollo and Mr. John E. Roberts were elected Members of the Society; Mrs. Montgomery, Mrs. Johnston, Mlle. Rose Faivre, and Miss Hilda Thornley-Jones were elected as Associates.

IV. 29th November, 1920. The President occupied the chair, and alluded in suitable terms to the loss the Society had sustained by the death of the Rev. Alexander Connell. He then introduced the Hon. W. Hulme Lever, J.P., who delivered an address entitled "Art and the Business Man."

Mrs. Tinne was elected a Member of the Society.

V. 13th December, 1920. The President occupied the chair, and introduced Professor Patrick Abercrombie, M.A., A.I.R.B.A. (*Professor of Civic Design in the University of Liverpool*), who read a paper entitled "Local Knowledge and Civic Improvement in Everyday Life."

The Hon. W. Hulme Lever, J.P., was elected a Life Member of the Society, Miss Mary Ivens, M.B., an ordinary Member, and Miss Sara Mewton as an Associate.

VI. 17th January, 1921. The President occupied the chair, and intimated that Mr. J. Hamilton-Gibson had become a Life Member of the Society. The Rev Canon

Sims, A.K.C., F.Ph.S., read a paper entitled "Samuel Pepys."

VII. 31st January, 1921. The President occupied the chair, and introduced Dr. A. Freeland Fergus (*President of the Royal Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons*), who delivered an address entitled "The Psychology of Vision."

VIII. 14th February, 1921. The President occupied the chair, and introduced Dr. Charles J. Macalister, who delivered an address entitled "A Disquisition on the Manus Sinister," illustrated by three actual cases and demonstrations on the blackboard.

IX. 28th February, 1921. The President occupied the chair. Mr. J. Hamilton-Gibson, M.Eng., O.B.E., M.I.N.A., delivered an address entitled "Engineering in Literature and Philosophy in Engineering."

Miss Jane E. Meredith was elected an Associate of the Society.

X. 14th March, 1921. The President occupied the chair, and moved that Col. J. M. McMaster, C.M.G., V.D., be elected President of the Society for the ensuing Session. The motion was seconded by Mr. John W. Thompson, and carried with unanimity. The President then introduced Professor Frederick G. Donnan, M.A., Ph.D., F.I.C., F.R.S. (*Professor of Inorganic and Physical Chemistry in the University College, London*), who delivered an address entitled "Physico-Chemical Science and Biological Phenomena."

The attendance at the meetings during the Session were:—Annual Meeting, 131; Ordinary Meetings, 88, 700, 68, 52, 96, 102, 77, 80, 74.



PAPERS READ DURING  
THE 108<sup>TH</sup>, 109<sup>TH</sup>, AND 110<sup>TH</sup> SESSIONS.



## ISRAEL'S LITERARY RECORD IN DISPERSION,

BY REV. I. RAFFALOVICH.

ISRAEL'S literary record is unique among the literature of the world in the same manner as his history has no parallel in the annals of all other nations. The Jewish people are the only people who have an uninterrupted literary record for at least three thousand years. The nations of antiquity have contributed, in a greater or less degree, their share to human culture during certain periods, after which they either ceased to exist or lost their literary capacity. The comparatively modern peoples began their humanistic careers late in the world's history, and though able to boast of a good index of literary activities, their record is, comparatively speaking, youthful, modern. The Jewish people have the advantage of having watched the literary careers of all peoples, both ancient and modern. Jewry collaborated with the people of antiquity, accepting the best they were able to offer and upon their exit from the world's arena, joined the newly arising nations in the work of the cultivation of the human mind. The initial stage in the evolution of Hebrew literature is scarcely traceable with any degree of certainty. There are indeed opinions, based on good authority, that it was the early Semitic Culture,—which formed the basis of the Hebrew lore,—that served as the foundation of the ancient civilisation, the traces of which were discovered in modern times. And it certainly cannot be said that the record of Jewish literature is drawing to a close. On the contrary there is sufficient evidence to show that Jewish learning has taken

a new lease of life. With the renewal of Jewish consciousness there has arisen (and is continually arising) a revival, a regeneration of Jewish culture. Phoenix-like the Jewish people and Jewish literature are arising from the ashes, acquiring a new, resuscitated, rejuvenated life, and it is not at all unlikely that with a new centre in his ancient homeland, with a Hebrew University "On the top of the hills" Israel will again march in the van of human progress; new truths will again be revealed to the inhabitants of the earth, and again shall "the Law come forth from Zion and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem."

Generally speaking, Jewish literature includes all that has been written by Jews from the earliest to the most modern times, without distinction of subject or language, or the land which gave it birth. Thus, Jewish literature includes the Bible, the Apocrypha, the Judæo-Hellenic literature emanating from Egypt and other Greek-speaking countries, Rabbinic learning, which culminated with the colossal structure the Talmud, the literature of the so-called Spanish-Jewish period including books on philosophy exegetics and poetry written in Hebrew and in Arabic, the literary efforts corresponding with the Renaissance and undergoing changes and variations in accordance with the ever-altering circumstances, and the most modern Hebrew literature which, though Eastern in essence, is quite Western in method and in treatment.

The Jews, having been a wandering people, coming in close contact with all the nations of the earth, have assimilated ideas and thoughts of all the best minds, and thus Jewish literature, though essentially national is yet international, inasmuch as it reflects the thoughts current among all nations in every age. But there is a unifying principle underlying it all, for the works of all Jews up to the modern period were made up, as it were, of sequels

originating in the Bible, so that there is more harmony in Jewish literature than is possessed by many other literatures. Hence a survey of Jewish literature should rightly begin with the Bible. Yet, I shall refrain from touching the Bible, the Apocrypha, the Alexandrian Jewish writings,—such as Philo,—for the obvious reason that literary men of all denominations are fully acquainted with them. What is less known and what is by some even ignored is the fact, that in dispersion, too, the Jew possesses a not unworthy literary record, which entitles him to a place among the literary contributors to modern culture. Therefore my necessarily brief sketch of Israel's activity of literature starts from the time when he ceased to be a political entity in the world, from the year 70 of the Christian era.

The year 70 witnessed the interruption of the national career of the Jews. Palestine was desolate, Jerusalem in ruins, the Temple in ashes;—not a glimmer of light was to be discerned anywhere. Rome was determined to make her conquest complete. The handful of Jews left from the terrible holocaust were to be deprived of any chance of rallying again,—they were to be exterminated. And indeed there was nothing to save them from utter disintegration. Dissolution and oblivion held their mouths wide open to swallow up eternally and irrevocably the remnant of the children of Israel. According to all natural laws there should not have been a single Jew in existence. Nothing on earth could have saved any other people from utter dissolution had it shared the plight of the Jew. Without a land, without a religious centre, without an ideal to strive for, without a goal to aspire to, what was there to save the handful of the survivors from becoming merged with the predominant Romans, a fate which befell so many other contemporaries among the small peoples?

There is a prophetic maxim, the truth of which has been substantiated by the experience of many generations. "For the house of Israel is not like all other nations." All the laws, physical and psychological, laid down in the study of the world's history do not always hold good when applied to the history of Israel. The very existence of the Jews as a people is phenomenal,—supernatural some would say. When the Jewish people reaches a point when continuation is no more possible something happens, something quite unexpected supervenes, which upsets all calculations, and all theories fall to the ground.

Such was the case during this fateful period. The Jewish body politic lay prostrate, its life was steadily ebbing away. But the soul, the Jewish National spirit was saved, even before the Jewish body was dead. The continuity of Judaism was rescued and preserved even before the fatal blow was finally struck. Within the besieged city of Jerusalem there was a small band of cool-headed men who clearly grasped the bitter significance of the condition of their people. They saw that there was not a shadow of hope to overcome the mighty legions of Rome. The fall of Judea was inevitable, but it was not only the present that caused them so much grief,—their anxiety was even greater in regard to the future. What was to become of scattered Israel without a centre towards which the whole of the Diaspora should turn its eyes, that should exercise a unifying influence on the widely dispersed groups of Jews? This band of patriots resolved that if unable to save the Jewish body, they would endeavour to save the Jewish spirit. The Temple being in imminent danger of destruction, another centre, an indestructible centre, must be raised, so that with the fall of Jerusalem the new centre should already be in existence. This should serve, like the Temple of old, as a source of



inspiration, and from which the chain of culture and tradition should roll out and entwine and unite all Israel,—making them one people. At the head of this band was one of the most eminent rabbis who flourished during the last decade of the existence of the second Temple, Rabbi Johanan Ben Zakai. He recognised that then it was the Torah,—the study of the Bible,—that alone could consolidate the shattered forces of Jewry: that to secure a continuance of Jewish National existence it was necessary to form a new centre, a centre independent of a sanctuary, not bound to ritual and sacrifice, to find a shelter for the Jewish spirit enshrined in the Bible. If only Jewish learning, Jewish ideals could be saved and their influence secured, then the land, Jerusalem, and the Temple might be destroyed, but Israel would live for ever. The Rabbi managed to leave the besieged city, and presenting himself before Vespasian, the general commanding the besieging army, he made a modest request. He begged for permission to open a school at Jamnia, or Yabneh, an unimportant place some little distance from the Mediterranean Sea, where he and his disciples might study the Law undisturbed,—a harmless request which the Roman general readily granted. Vespasian could not see that by this simple concession he gave Judaism, and hence the Jews, a new lease of life; that by this, to him, insignificant favour, he himself helped towards the preservation of the people he sought to destroy; that virtually the conquering general had been conquered by the Rabbi; that Rome was defeated by Judea.

Here the Synhedrion or Great Council was reconstituted and a great College opened, and Jamnia became the first centre of Jewish learning. Here the Rabbis received the crushing, though expected, news of the fall of Jerusalem.



They rent their garments, they wept and made lamentations as for the dead, but they did not despair. Jerusalem gone, Jamnia should take its place. The Temple no more, the school should become a sanctuary, the priests of which should be the students who should offer themselves as sacrifices upon its altar. Rabbi Johanan Ben Zakai enunciated the principle which was accepted by the whole people, that prayer, charity, and love of fellow-men should replace sacrifices.

In Jamnia the foundation was laid for an intensive cultural work which has not yet come to an end. Being divorced from the politics of the world, the Jew henceforth immersed himself in literature. As a direct outcome of the work in Jamnia, literature became the Jews' main occupation. Taking the Bible as the basis, the Rabbis undertook the gigantic task of bringing its precepts into harmony with all the varying and changing phenomena in life. Already in a previous generation the great Hillel laid down seven rules by which the Scriptures were to be interpreted. These were now developed and expanded, and by this means the Mishnah was evolved. This work, which took 200 years to produce, is in some measure the text book of Jewish Traditional Law. The Mishnah is the literary expression of the Biblical view of life as understood by Jewish Tradition. Its language is Neo-Hebrew, which grew naturally out of the classical language of the Bible. The subject matter of the Mishnah includes law and ethics, "the affairs of the body, the soul and the mind,"—in a word, everything appertaining to the conduct of man as between himself and his Maker, and between himself and his fellow-men. The authors of the Mishnah were not professional Rabbis; as one tersely puts it: "The Law was the rabbi's life, but not his livelihood." They were mostly artisans, craftsmen, or husbandmen,

who laboured with their hands for their bread, but devoted their leisure to the study of the Law.

It was during this period that complete books of Jewish history were written, though not in Hebrew. Justus of Tiberias wrote in Greek a history of the Jewish kings, and also a detailed narrative of the Jewish war with Rome. These, however, are only known to us from quotations, the originals having been entirely lost.

A happier fate has preserved for us the works of Flavius Josephus. He, too, wrote in Greek, though it is known that at least of the History of the Jewish War he also wrote an Aramaic version. The composition of the New Testament also took place during this period, and several of the books of which it consists were written by Jews. The Fourth Book of the Sybilline Oracles, perhaps the most ancient form of Apologetics in Jewish literature, was written in about the year 80 C.E. A record of historical events known as "The Scroll of Fasting" then made its appearance. This compilation follows the Order of the Hebrew Calendar, noting important anniversaries falling on the different dates, and provides a most accurate record of National Victories and other important events.

Rabbi Johanan Ben Zakai died at the end of the first century, and the second century was ushered in by an intensive scholastic movement. After the death of the master many of his disciples set up schools of their own in different parts of Palestine, and through the efforts of Rabbi Akiba, the great patriot, who met with a martyr's death in the final struggle against Rome led by the heroic Bar-Cochba in the year 135 C.E., houses of learning were established in Babylon, in Asia Minor and in Rome. Definite rules and methods for the exposition of the Bible were laid down, and these were accepted by all the sages, many of whom took up a particular subject for study in

which they specialised. The results of these studies were the foundation of the earliest commentaries extant on the legal parts of the Pentateuch.

The Mishnah, which was completed and edited by Rabbi Judah the prince, a contemporary and close friend of Marcus Aurelius, became now the basis for a new edifice, the building of which took fully 300 years. The structure raised on the foundation of the Mishnah is the Talmud, also termed the Gemara. The Talmud is also used to denote both the Mishnah and the Gemara together. The Mishnah is the code or the system which sought to reduce to order the Jewish national system of life, built up in accordance with the laws directly and indirectly derived from the Bible, as well as the mass of traditions, which in the course of centuries grew up by the side of the written Law. The Talmud considered as a whole is a commentary on, or an exposition of the Mishnah. The laws laid down in the Mishnah were not accepted by the students as dogmas beyond criticism. The succeeding generations insisted upon a knowledge as to the why and wherefore, as to the agreement of these laws with the rules of logic laid down by the former sages. The discussions on all questions, the arguments and final decisions are all embodied in the Talmud. But it is more than that: Dr. Israel Abrahams rightly says, the Talmud is not a book, it is a literature. It is an encyclopedia which it took 300 years to compile. It embodies the products of a people's thoughts in every walk of life during five centuries. While it is the legal code of the Jews, it is also their system of ethics, the source of their liturgy, the repository of their poetry, and a store-house of history, science, medicine and folk-lore. Already the Talmud revealed the fact that the Jews were not, as it is popularly believed, isolated and unaffected by the life

outside their own sphere. The Talmud shows unmistakable traces of the culture of the nations with whom the Jews came in contact. There are two distinct Talmudical works to which the term Talmud is applied. The Palestinian Talmud, the product of the Palestinian colleges was completed about the year 370 B.E., and the Babylonian Talmud,—that is, the works of the scholars in Babylon was completed a century later.

Side by side with the Talmud there grew up another literature, which may be termed the Poetical or the Spiritual expression of Jewish thought. The Midrash is a compilation of homiletical expositions of the Bible, penetrating below the surface of the plain meaning of the biblical text. While the Talmud is chiefly concerned with the exposition of the letter, the Midrash reveals the spirit of the Law. The beginning of Midrashic literature is easily traced to a period earlier than the close of the Hebrew Bible; its activities, however, extended down to the tenth or eleventh century. To this day the Midrash is an inexhaustible treasure-house for the Jewish preacher, disclosing as it does a vast array of ingenious renderings of texts, embellishing them with an array of beautiful proverbs, parables and legends. The great ideal underlying the whole of this literature is the deepening of morality, the upholding of the ethical principle of life, the appeal to the imagination and the presentation of the spiritual side of Judaism in an attractive garb. A host of Midrashic works are extant to this day and, though many centuries old are yet popular and published in countless editions.

By the time the Talmud was completed, Palestine had long ceased to be the Jewish spiritual centre. But a new centre had arisen in Babylon, which for generations held the supremacy in Jewish learning. Great and influential colleges flourished in Sura and in Pumbeditha, to which



Jews from all lands looked for guidance. The heads of the Babylonian Post Talmudic Academies were known as Gaonim, and they were consulted by representatives of many countries on all questions of law and religion. They had a difficult task in applying old precepts to modern circumstances. They made it their object also to popularise learning.

One of the most famous of the Gaonim, Sherira, compiled a history of the Talmud, and another, Saadia, rendered lasting service to Judaism by the creation of a philosophic and scientific basis for the Talmudic conception of religion. Epoch-making was his Arabic translation of the Bible. Of the gréatest interest was his book *Faith and Dogma*, which for the first time set out the principles and ideas of Talmudic Judaism from a philosophical point of view. Following the death of Saadia the schools of Babylon began to decline and once more the Jewish spiritual centre was threatened with extinction, but again, before the centre fell into utter ruin, a new home for Jewish learning had been planted in Moorish Spain. There, in the tenth century, we find the nucleus of great Jewish activity in the fields not only of specifically Jewish subjects, but science, art and poetry. At this time it was in Spain that the finest fruits of Jewish literature were produced. Beneath the sunshine of Moorish culture, the Jewish genius expanded. The Jews were not strangers to the Arabic language and culture. At the time of the rise of Islam, there was a large Jewish population, domiciled in Arabia from time immemorial, which contributed in a large measure to Arabic poetry. The Jews were drawn to Moorish Spain, and there attained the zenith of their cultural abilities. Here we meet with a large number of Jewish scholars, who earned fame as statesmen, grammarians, poets, philosophers and scientists, men to whom

Western civilisation owes an eternal debt of gratitude. Mr. W. E. H. Lecky in his *History of Rationalism* makes the following reference to the Jews of the Middle Ages: "While those around them were grovelling in the darkness of besotted ignorance, while juggling miracles and lying relics were the themes on which almost all Europe was expatiating, while the intellect of Christendom, enthralled by countless superstitions, had sunk into a deadly torpor, in which all love of inquiry and all search for truth were abandoned, the Jews were still pursuing the path of knowledge, amassing learning and stimulating progress with the same unflinching constancy that they manifested in their faith. They were the most skilful physicians, the ablest financiers and among the most profound philosophers, while they were only second to the Moors in the cultivation of natural science. They were the chief interpreters to Western Europe of Eastern learning."

With Chasdai Ibn Shaprut, the Minister for Foreign Affairs to the Khalif Abd Er Rahman at Cordova, a new literary era dawned for Judaism. His liberal encouragement of learning in general, and of poetry in particular, opened the sealed lips of the Hebrew Muse. Under his influence Cordova now became the centre of Jewish activity in the fields of grammar and poetry. Half a century later, another patron of learning arose in the person of Samuel Ibn Nagdela, named by the Jews, the Prince. He was the vizier of the King of Granada, but he was also a rabbi and a poet of distinction. His "introduction to the Talmud" is still a standard work. He also left behind him in addition to a large collection of poems, two works consisting of hymns and maxims on the lines of the Psalms and the Book of Proverbs.

When Samuel the Prince died in 1005, the Golden Age of Spanish literature was already in sight. The greatest

Hebrew poets of that period Ibn Gebirol, the Ibn Ezras and the inimitable Judah Halevi, loomed large in the horizon. They were not only poets, but philosophers whose influence on mediæval thought was of the highest. Ibn Gebirol was the first to introduce Neo-Platonism to Europe. His work, *The Fountain of Life*, became one of the important sources of Christian Scholasticism, while his great poem, *The Royal Crown*, is incorporated in the Jewish liturgy. The foremost Hebrew poet since the days when the Jews "hung up their harps upon the willows by the rivers of Babylon" was Judah Halevi. He immortalised himself by his "Songs of Zion," in which he raised himself to the most exalted heights of divine ecstasy. He is also famous for his philosophical work *The Cuzari*. One of the greatest Jews of the Middle Ages was Abraham Ibn Ezra, who to this day retains a place of honour among the greatest commentators of the Bible. He was perhaps the father, if he may be so termed, of Higher Criticism, and was the first to suggest that the Book of Isaiah contains the work of two prophets. Another famous commentator who followed him was David Kimchi, the favourite authority of Christian students of Hebrew at the time of the Reformation, and to whose commentary the English Authorised Version is largely indebted. During the same period a great ethical work named *The Duties of the Heart*, founded on the Talmud and on the philosophical notions current in those days was written by Bachya Ibn Pekuda. His famous work is the most inspired of devotional books in Jewish literature, and is a favourite with those who seek spiritual edification.

All these poets, philosophers and grammarians were entirely eclipsed by the greatest light of Jewry, whose rise in the twelfth century marked the culminating point in mediæval Judaism. Moses Maimonides,—who was



born in Cordova in 1135 and died in Fostat in Egypt in 1204,—was the greatest scholar Jewry produced. Like the rabbis of old he did not live by his pen. He was a famous physician attached to Sultan Saladin, and refused a similar position offered to him by Richard the Lion-hearted of England. His first great work was a Commentary on the Mishnah, written in Arabic and later translated into Hebrew. His fame, however, rests on his monumental work, *The Strong Hand*. In its fourteen books Maimonides brought the whole mass of Jewish law into order. He reduced the Mishnah and the Talmud to a systematic code. The other important work which brought him to the notice of the scholastic world is *The Guide of the Perplexed*, which is based on the one hand on the Aristotelian System, and on the other hand on a firm belief in Scripture and Tradition. He endeavoured to reconcile faith with reason, showing the compatibility between philosophic ideas and religious principles. He was the first to assign rational explanations for the pentateuchal injunctions. The book was soon translated and commentaries written upon it. It created a stir among students of theology and metaphysics, and the book was studied not only by Jews, but by Mohammedans and Christians such as Thomas Aquinas and other Schoolmen. The reverence of the people for Maimonides was expressed in the following saying, "From Moses to Moses there arose none like Moses."

The Jews in France and Germany have also done their share in the promotion of literature. The first great rabbi of whom we hear in the West was Nathan Ben Isaac, who came over to France from Babylon and established a great school. However, the real founder of Jewish learning in France and in Germany was Gershom, who was styled "The Light of the Captivity." The school which he

established at Mayence became for many generations an important centre for Talmudic studies. It was he who promulgated a decree prohibiting polygamous marriages among Jews, which decree has become since that time an inviolable law among Jews in Europe. But even his fame was overshadowed by Rashi of Troyes, in Champagne, —born in 1040 and died in 1105,—who, even in our own days, is the most popular of the post-biblical authors studied by Jews. He wrote a commentary on the whole Bible and the Talmud, which is not only a standard work, but is simply indispensable to every student. Luther's Translation of the Bible is largely based on Rashi. Through the fame of Rashi, France took the lead in Talmudic scholarship and the work was carried on for many generations by his sons-in-law and grandsons.

Mention should here be made of the work of the diffusion of science by means of translations, which in the Middle Ages was mainly, if not wholly, the work of the Jews. Steinschneider fills 1,100 pages with an account of the translations made by Jews in the Middle Ages. It is through the Jews that the West became acquainted with Ptolemy, Euclid, Archimedes and many others. Roger Bacon, in the 13th century makes the following remark: "Michael Scott claimed the merit of numerous translations. But it is certain that Jews laboured at them more than he did. And so with the rest."

With the close of the 11th century there began the darkest age for Jewry. The advent of the Crusades brought in its wake a cloud of darkness which enveloped Jewry for over seven centuries, an intense darkness which was only lit up by the lamp of learning, a lamp which the Jews zealously guarded and which no storm, however fierce, could extinguish. Whole communities were exterminated. The life of the Jew became a constant, hopeless martyrdom.

Yet the most bitter persecution could not damp the Jews' ardour for learning. On the contrary it became, if possible, more intense. Study was always regarded by Jews as a religious duty. The highest ambition of a Jew was not to become a rich man but a rabbi, a scholar, since in the community it was only scholarship that commanded respect, ignorance being considered a disgrace. And when in the dark ages the Jews were excluded from every honourable profession and from social intercourse with their Christian neighbours, they shrank more and more into their own shell, steeping themselves yet deeper into the study of their own literature, based on the Bible and the Talmud. From the 11th to the 14th century a French school of Talmudists, known as the Tosaphists, led the way in the elucidation of the Talmud. One of the greatest scholars of the thirteenth century who, in addition to his voluminous contributions to Talmudic law, wrote also a learned commentary on the Bible was Moses Nachmanides. He also played an important part in the development of Jewish mysticism, which at that period assumed a prominent position in Jewish literature.

By this time Jewish literature reached a somewhat decadent stage. The terrible conditions under which Jews were forced to live reacted upon their spirits and a tendency to retire from the domain of free enquiry is discernible. An attempt seems to have been made to build an inner wall within the ghetto raised in Christendom around the Jews. Yet we can still point in this period to luminaries in the field of literature and philosophy. Judah Alcharisi wrote the *Tachkemoni*, a most clever collection of poems; indeed, one of the masterpieces of mediæval production. Jediah Bedrachi achieved fame by his *Examination of the World* which has been translated into many languages, including English. Levi the son of

Gershom—Gersonides—an astronomer of note during the 14th century, whose Hebrew astronomical works were translated into Latin by order of Pope Clement VI, wrote a famous philosophical work, *The Wars of the Lord*. Another philosopher of note was Chasdai Crescas, whose work *The Light of the Lord* greatly influenced the thought of Spinoza. Joseph Albo's treatise *The Book of Principles* became a popular text-book on religious philosophy. All these, however, were the after-glow of the "Setting Sun of Jewish thought," which for a time came to be dominated by a spirit of exclusiveness and entire devotion to the study of the Talmud and its numerous commentaries. The 13th century ushered in the era of mysticism. The rigidity in religious observance fostered by the French schools on the one hand, and the free and unbridled rationalism of the Spanish philosophers on the other, engendered an emotionalism based on mysticism called "The Cabbalah", which in Hebrew means Tradition, having its roots in the mystic passages in the Bible and the various Apocalyptic writings.

At a period of great, almost unbearable trials the troubled souls of the people, unsatisfied by either the intellectual studies of the Talmud or the rationalist philosophical theories, sought solace in the fanciful and emotional propositions of the Cabbalah. A work of genius, of great spiritual beauty and profound devotion, made its appearance. It bore the name *Zohar*, splendour, and was ascribed to Rabbi Simeon Ben Yochai of the 2nd century, though it is now proved to have been the handiwork of Moses De Leon, who flourished in Spain at the end of the 13th century. The *Zohar* is the embodiment of the Cabbalah and exercised enormous influence on the minds, not only of Jews but also of men like Pico Mirandola and Johann Reuchlin, through whom it came into vogue



with Christian mystics in the 16th century. One of the direct results of the devotion to mysticism and occult speculation was a strange development of the Messianic idea. It gave rise to a number of Pseudo-Messiahs, who claimed also the power of performing miracles on the strength of Cabbalistic charms. The most interesting of these was David Reubeni, who managed to impress both Pope Clement VII. and King Juan of Portugal with the idea of the conquest of Palestine. Solomon Molcho, a Marrano, who publicly returned to the Jewish faith proclaimed in 1540 the advent of the Messiah. Both perished by the hand of the Inquisition. The most notorious of the false Messiahs was Sabbethai Zevi who counted his adherents by the thousands among Christians as well as among Jews. He believed that the year 1666 would witness the coming of the Messiah.

The Renaissance found in Italy great literary activity among the Jews who fared not at all badly at the hands of the Pope. The first complete lexicon on the Talmud was written by Nathan of Rome. Prominent among Italian scholars were Immanuel of Rome, a personal friend of Dante, who published a collection of poems on the lines of the *Divina Commedia*; Kalonymos who translated Galen, Averroes, Aristotle, and others; and Judah Romano the famous Jewish schoolman and philosopher. All three were in the service of the King of Naples. Obadiah Seforno, a famous commentator, and Elias Levita, a renowned grammarian, were among the most important of the Hebrew teachers of Christian scholars. Elijah Del Medigo and Judah Messer Leon both were ardent participants in the New Learning. Joseph Hacothen wrote a record of Jewish sufferings during the Middle Ages, which he named *The Vale of Tears*. Azariah dei Rossi was one of the forerunners of Higher

Criticism. Luzzatto wrote drama in Hebrew and Leo Hebraeus achieved fame with his *Dialoghi di Amore*, while his father Don Isaac Abarbanel, the great statesman in the service of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, immortalised himself by his commentary on the Bible and numerous philosophical works. The religious literature of the Jews in so far as practical life was concerned culminated in the publication in 1565 of the work entitled the *Shulchan Aruch* by Joseph Caro, which was regarded as the authoritative code of Jewish law by all observing Jews.

Germany and Poland were for centuries the seats of Talmudic learning whence emanated numberless commentaries and super-commentaries, many of which display real genius—though one must admit, did not contribute largely to the general culture of the world. Two Jewish names stand out prominently in the 17th century, Manasseh Ben Israel, who regained for the Jews admission to England. He was a most prolific writer and popularised Hebrew learning among the great thinkers of his age. Benedict Spinoza' reclaimed the right of a Jew to a voice in the philosophy of the world. Spinoza, nurtured upon the Talmud and the works of Jewish philosophers, struck out a path of his own. A child of Judaism as well as of Cartesianism, Spinoza won a front place among the great teachers of mankind.

Modern Jewish culture begins with Moses Mendelssohn, who may be regarded as having revolutionised the whole aspect of Jewish life and literature. By purely literary means he made Jewry an integral part of European civilisation. In his work *Jerusalem* he broke down the inner wall of the Ghetto, forcing his co-religionists into the exhilarating atmosphere of the great world outside. His most popular philosophical work *Phaedon*, on the immortality of the soul, won for him the title of the German Plato



or the Jewish Socrates. Mendelssohn's most epoch-making work was his translation of the Pentateuch into German. The Mendelssohnian period marked the beginning of modern Jewish literature; it laid the foundation of what is known as Jewish science; that is, the scientific investigation of Jewish history and literature. From those days we witness the great efforts for the promotion of Jewish culture by men whose names will rank among the most important sages; men like Zunz, Krochmal and Rappaport, Jost, Geiger and Graetz stand out as brilliant stars in the galaxy of Jewish scholars and thinkers whose researches are invaluable for an intelligent conception of the Jewish past.

One of the effects of Mendelssohn's influence was a deliberate movement in favour of the use of Hebrew for secular literature. The idea in the beginning was to bring into the Ghetto the best thoughts of the day by means of Hebrew, which never ceased to be the literary language of the Jews. The movement began with a biblical commentary on modern lines and a Hebrew periodical containing poetry and scientific articles. The movement grew apace and attracted attention in Galicia and in Russia, where the new "Intellectuals" grew in number from day to day. The first Hebrew novelist of great merit was Abraham Mapu, who wrote love stories in pure biblical style and reproduced the biblical atmosphere in his romances in a vivid manner. The greatest Hebrew poet of the 19th century was Leon Gordon, whose influence upon modern Hebrew literature was enormous. Peretz Smolenskin was the first to enunciate the idea of a revival of the national language as essential to the true life of Judaism. In his Hebrew monthly *The Dawn* he helped in the development of the modern Hebrew style and method. Conspicuous among a host of poets, novelists, essayists, feuilletonists,—indeed writers on all phases of

life,—are the names of Achad Haam in prose—master of a style which is perfectly Hebrew as well as perfectly modern—and Bialik in poetry. There is no phase of modern literature that has not found full expression in Hebrew. In Palestine, Hebrew is spoken by all Jews and is being used as the vehicle for instruction in Elementary, in Secondary, as well as in Technical Schools.

As to the share of Jews in modern general literature words are unnecessary. There is not a branch of modern culture in any part of the world in which Jews do not participate. As a people Jews have contributed a fair share to the world's culture. The close of the Bible did not terminate Israel's literary productiveness. Taking the Bible as the basis, they continued to build upon it structure upon structure, raising an edifice of which they may be justly proud. Going into exile the Jews' first thought was to preserve their culture by the establishment of a great Academy, which endowed them with vitality to resist all disintegrating forces, and which has proved their salvation. And now when, by the magnanimous declaration of our Government, there is a prospect of Israel returning to an independent national existence, the very first act in the regeneration of the land of Israel and its people has been the laying of the foundation of a Hebrew University, a home for Jewish culture, where the innate literary spirit of the Jews will reassert itself, take up its function of old, to stand as the intermediary between East and West, working for the attainment of the prophetic ideal when "the earth shall be filled with knowledge as the waters cover the sea."

## SUCCESS.

By ALLAN H. BRIGHT,

PRESIDENT.

IT may fairly be questioned, what is the exact meaning of the word "success"? Each of us probably has a different standard.

There is, I think, a certain affinity between success and progress; the former bears a relation to the individual similar to that which the latter does to the age or community.

The so-called successful man is as much an object of envy and admiration as the progressive nation.

How is success to be defined? The setting off on the quest for some goal in life; the search for some Holy Grail, if the aim be high; for some golden El Dorado, if the ambition be lower, are the elements which, if the quest is satisfactorily terminated, procure success.

Is success ever attained in the opinion of the searcher?

When Alexander wept because he had no more worlds to conquer, he unconsciously was admitting a great truth that, though in popular estimation a man may achieve success, he rarely admits to himself that he has been fully successful.

"Man never is but always to be blest."

There are several definitions of success. The new *Oxford Dictionary*, amongst others, gives "attainment of wealth, or fame, or position."

This is excellent, but no ambitious man has ever

admitted that his achievements have equalled his ambitions.

If it were not so, history would not be filled with the warnings of men "fallen from their high estates" through grasping at too much. The Wolseys, the Napoleons, are in their fate the common types of once successful men.

\* "Be not tempted to presume by success; for many that have got largely, have lost all, by coveting to get more. To hazard much to get much, has more of avarice than wisdom. It is great prudence both to bound and use prosperity. For few know when they have enough; and fewer know how to employ it," wrote William Penn, and his words ring true.

A friend of mine once defined success in the following aphorism:—If a man keeps his inherited fortune intact, has his name recorded in *Who's Who*, and has safely passed the grand climacteric, he may consider himself successful. It is not a high standard—it is a materialistic one—but there is truth in it. Another definition is that a man shall die in a better position than that to which his father had attained.

Shakespeare never considered himself a successful man, nor was he so regarded by his contemporaries, yet, if posthumous fame is to be accounted success, no one has ever been more successful.

Another successful man was the † "poor wise man," who by his wisdom delivered a besieged city, "yet no man remembered that same poor man."

"His name was writ in water"—the strange epitaph Keats, one of our greatest poets, chose for himself—an epitaph which in his case and in the passage of time has

"On Temporal Happiness," in *Some Fruits of Solitude*.

† Ecclesiastes ix, 15.



been justly falsified. \* It would doubtless have surprised Tennyson's Northern Farmer if, when dying, he had been told that he had been an eminently successful man, yet such, on his own confession, was the case, for he narrates how he "a stubb'd Thurnaby waäste," and by so doing had turned worthless heath into good corn-land.

To achieve something is success, even if the achievement is not recognized in the lifetime of the individual.

Fame, glory, honour, position, wealth, "the applause of list'ning senates to command"—each, all, or others, may be the objects—it is the attainment which counts.

If, however, some men have not been considered as successful until after death, it is, on the other hand, singular how many men of second-rate merit have made for themselves names which are generally known, but of whom most people would have some difficulty in giving any very definite account.

The names of Sir Kenelm Digby, The Admirable Crichton, and Beau Brummell, are almost household words, but few could instantly give a clear biography of each of them.

† Lord Morley, in his "*Recollections*," relates how Lord Goschen once called him (Lord Morley), at a public meeting "the St. Just of our revolution," amidst great applause. On this Lord Morley comments:—"How many in a hundred had ever heard of St. Just; and how many in a thousand could have told any three facts of his career, one could only guess."

It is, I think, quite possible that not a single member of the audience had any but the haziest idea who St. Just was.

\* *Northern Farmer* (old style).

† *Recollections*, vol. i, p. 91.

Commercial success, as we understand it, is, in its intensity, its universality, its overpowering nature, a modern and unsatisfactory excrescence of civilization. It is largely the product of the last century, and has by its vigorous growth surpassed all other forms of success.

Fortunes have been made in commerce and industry in all epochs, but what is new is that the standard of success has become to such a great extent one of wealth alone, overshadowing in importance statecraft, art, literature, poetry, and music. This is due to the instruments which science has placed at the command of industry, and to the decay of religious sentiment.

\*The Roman Empire saw the rise of the "*novus homo*"—often a freed slave—as Trimalchio of the Satyricon of Petronius Arbiter; but there was, I think, this difference between him and the modern business man, that whereas the latter ascribes his success to certain innate qualities, exercised in placing brick upon brick until his fortune is built up, the former attributed at least some measure of his success to the gods.

In early Christian times it was the same. Religion played an important part in worldly affairs, and the belief was prevalent that fortune was sent by the Almighty, and usually due to the favourable influence of some patron saint.

Providence, not character, was recognised as the principal factor. The merchant adventurers considered their enterprises as speculations, not as solid businesses. Land alone was counted as real property.

Montaigne and Bacon both lay stress on fortune as the main element in success.

\* Trimalchio's patron was Mercury; see note, p. 43, Petronius, *Loeb Classic*.



\* Montaigne says :—" Good and bad fortune are, in my conceit, two sovereign powers. It is folly to think that human wisdom may act the full part of fortune. And vain is his enterprise that presumeth to embrace both causes and consequences, and lead the progress of his fact by the hand. And, above all, vainest in military deliberations."

This is, as far as the military judgment, in direct contradiction to Napoleon, who reduced the art of war to a mathematical calculation by the saying, " Providence is always on the side of the last reserve." Bacon begins his Essay on Fortune with the words :—

" It cannot be denied but outward accidents conduce much to fortune," and he further on quotes from Livy the case of Cato Major, as if it were rather an exception :—" *In illo viro, tantum robur corporis et animi fuit, ut quocunque loco natus esset, fortunam sibi facturum videretur.*" This man possessed such strength of mind and body that wherever he had been born he probably would have been successful.

† Fuller emphasises the same point :—" Thus three aces chance often not to rub ; and politicians think themselves to have stopped every small cranny when they have left a whole door open for divine providence to undo all which they have done."

Under modern institutions certain qualities, unless neutralised by defects, might be said to ensure commercial success.

Industry, application, concentration, thrift, judgment are usually sufficient for the purpose, if there is also present the incentive of ambition.

\* Montaigne's *Essays*, Florio's 3rd ed., 1652, p. 526, "Of the Art of Conferring."

† Fuller's *Holy and Profane State*—"The Life of Cæsar Borgia."

The late Sir John Gladstone—a very successful business man—used to say that the making of the first one thousand pounds was the difficulty. After that all was comparatively easy.

There is often much chance in the choice of a career.

\* The Duke of Wellington, at the age of twenty-four, thinking that he had no military future, applied for a position under the Revenue or Treasury Boards. Fortunately his application was unsuccessful.

† Sir Walter Raleigh's opinion of the Duke of Wellington is worth quoting. It is an illustration of the qualities which make for success. "The Duke of Wellington was not a clever man; he was a man of simple and honourable mind, with an infinite capacity for patience, persistence, and endurance, so that neither unexpected reverses abroad nor a flood of idle criticism at home could shake him or change him."

I think this estimate is correct.

‡ Mr. Gladstone thought that Josiah Wedgwood's success as a potter was due to his ill-health, which had forced his mind inwards. "It drove him to meditate upon the laws and secrets of his art." § Beccaria (1735-1793) was of opinion that all men might be poets and orators, and Sir Joshua Reynolds that they might become painters and sculptors.

These opinions of Beccaria and Reynolds may well be doubted, but few will deny from their own experience that application has often made men successful in occupations which were at first uncongenial.

If then application is the first ingredient of success,

\* Maxwell's *Life of Wellington*, vol. i, p. 15.

† *Some Gains of the War*, Clarendon Press, p. 8.

‡ Smiles' *Self-Help*, p. 89. § *Ibid.*, p. 95.

the power of finding and seizing the opportunity when it presents itself is all important.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

Arkwright, the inventor of cotton machinery, was by trade a wig-maker, and if wigs had not gone out of fashion who can say for certain that he would not have remained a wig-maker?

Had not General Bonaparte made his great *coup d'état* on 19th Brumaire (10th Nov., 1799), and about which he hesitated, when he drove out the Assembly at St. Cloud, it is probable that he would never have been Emperor. It must be remembered that he would not have taken this extreme step if it had not been almost forced upon him by his brother, Lucien, a man of inferior ability.

As showing how circumstances alter cases, it has been whimsically said: "If d'Artagan had been slain in the duel he would never have died a Marshall of France, and there would have been no "*Trois Mousquetaires*."

Cæsar hesitated before he crossed the Rubicon, but he crossed it, and the Republic was overthrown.

\* Wellington attributed his success as a general to his power of being able to divine what was on the other side of a hill.

The power of guessing rightly the position of your antagonist and what he is going to do, is no doubt a considerable factor in military success.

† It is far removed from that defect of character which Napoleon stigmatised "as making himself pic-

\* Maxwell's *Life of Wellington*, vol. i, p. 140, n.

† Cf. Corbett's *England in the Seven Years' War*, vol. i, p. 106, on "Admiral Byng."

tures," by which I suppose he meant imagining difficulties which do not exist.

It is a curious reflection how much more military success—that is success in the art of destruction—appeals to the popular imagination than success in any other walk of life. The names of great scientific or literary men, or statesmen, are usually soon forgotten. The names of generals and admirals survive. The statues of military heroes far exceed in number those of civilians.

\* Cromwell, as is well known, held the opinion that that man goes furthest who knows not whither he is going, which drew from † Retz the remark that it showed Cromwell to be a simpleton. But did it?

What, however, is not so well known is that Henri IV, of France, who certainly was no more a simpleton than Cromwell, held the same opinion, and had uttered the same sentiment previously.

‡ "I am making good progress," he wrote, during the campaign of 1591. "I go wherever God leads me, for I know not where I shall end."

§ "We are the children of the gods, and are never more the slaves of circumstances than when we deem ourselves their masters. What may next happen in the dazzling farce of life the Fates alone know," wrote Benjamin Disraeli, in 1837, to Mrs. Bulwer Lytton.

Henri IV, Cromwell, Disraeli—a strange trio, but the same sentiment!

After all, Saul, the son of Kish, went in search of his father's asses and found a kingdom!

It is a not infrequent delusion of great men to think

\* Morley's *Oliver Cromwell*, p. 356.

† Cardinal de Retz, *Politician and Author*, (1614–1679).

‡ *The Century of the Renaissance*, by Louis Batifol, p. 298.

§ Monypenny's *Life of Disraeli*, vol. i, p. 378.



that they excel in those qualities in which they are deficient.

\* "Nero," as Fuller has pithily said, "though indeed but a fiddler, counted himself as well Emperor of Music as of Rome"; and † Frederick the Great, considering himself a great poet, used to console himself after a defeat by writing verses in French.

The quaintest instance of this peculiarity of which I have heard is the case of Robert Stevenson, the famous engineer. A friend of his told me that Stevenson used to claim as his greatest invention that he taught cucumbers to grow straight.

This he had accomplished by means of glass cylinders, an invention he used to show with pride to his visitors.

‡ Boswell, in his *Life of Johnson*, tells the story of a gentleman who had acquired a fortune of four thousand a year in trade, but was always miserable because he could not talk in company.

"I am invited to conversations, I go to conversations, but, alas, I have no conversation."

Johnson's reply was—"Man commonly cannot be successful in different ways. This gentleman has spent in getting four thousand a year the time in which he might have learnt to talk." Mr. Perkins made a shrewd and droll remark. "If he had got his four thousand a year as a mountebank, he might have learnt to talk at the same time that he was getting his fortune."

Lord Althorp (1782-1845), one of the most successful

\* Fuller's *Holy State*, "The Favourite." Ex-Kaiser William II is reported to consider himself, without any justification, a great musical composer.

‡ See Catt's *Memoirs of Frederick the Great*.

‡ Boswell's *Johnson*, Clarendon Press ed., 1887, vol. iv, p. 83.

leaders of the House of Commons, used to say that nature had intended him for an agricultural labourer, but fate had made him a statesman.

Many men have found themselves in life in wrong surroundings; or, as \*Burke has put it, "Merchants with the sentiments and the abilities of great statesmen," and "persons in the rank of statesmen with the conceptions and characters of pedlars."

Lamartine was a great literary man and poet, but he failed as a statesman.

The Duke of Wellington was an indifferent statesman, while Lord Liverpool, almost forgotten as he is to-day, must have had great gifts of statesmanship to have kept his government together through fifteen stormy years (1812-1827), and to have been the instrument by which Napoleon was defeated.

The younger Pitt, on the other hand, is generally regarded as a great statesman. This is one of the strange myths of history. † As Dr. Holland Rose has pointed out he was a singularly unsuccessful war minister, and it may, I think, be fairly maintained that he was scarcely more fortunate in his domestic policy.

His best qualities were patience and perseverance, qualities not uncommon in Englishmen.

It may be questioned whether the effort to attain success as a statesman is not on the whole the most demoralizing of all careers.

The late Lord Salisbury once spoke of politics as "a

\* Speech on Mr. Fox's East India Bill.

† *William Pitt and the Great War*, ch. 12, Pitt as War Minister (1793-8). See also Fortescue's *Statesmen of the Great War*, 1793-1814, p. 167. "Had Pitt been a great war minister, Napoleon's wonderful career might have never come to pass; but even with all his limitations he was . . . great enough to lead a great nation."



cruel profession," and Mr. Gladstone said,\* "Unless a man has a considerable gift for taking things as they come, he may make up his mind that political life will be a sheer torment to him. He must meet fortune in all its moods." Success can never safely be predicted. Many of the most successful men have been backward boys, and have had little or no education except what they have taught themselves. This was the case with Abraham Lincoln. † Sheridan, Walter Scott, Chatterton, Burns, Goldsmith, Alfieri, Clive, Napoleon, and Wellington were all below the average as schoolboys.

The brilliant schoolboy rarely achieves anything in after life. He may be "a mute inglorious Milton," but he remains mute.

"God oftentimes leaves the highest men in an eclipse, to show that they but borrow their lustre from his reflexion," wrote Fuller, but the explanation is that the brilliant schoolboy has either worked out the thin vein of gold in his nature at an early age, or that, with great abilities, he also possesses great defects of character. On the other hand, men of little education are able by personal qualities to attain much. ‡ "There is a class of men, individuals of which appear at long intervals, so eminently endowed with insight and virtue that they have been unanimously saluted as divine, and who seem to be an accumulation of that power we consider," wrote Emerson in his *Essay on Character*. No doubt it is that strange quality, character, embracing in itself so many other qualities which ensures success.

\* Morley's *Life of Gladstone*, vol. iii, p. 486.

† See Smiles' *Self-Help*, p. 356, and note in which he suggests that a competitive examination might have excluded the future Duke of Wellington from the army.

‡ *Essays*, p. 392.

Renan has remarked how many men have succeeded in spite of holding wrong opinions.

He has also pointed out how such men, ignorant in much, stand far above a better educated man of our own day.

\* 'Coloûb a decouvert l'Amerique en portant d'idées tres fausses; Newton croyait sa folle explication de l'Apocalypse aussi certaine que sa theorie de la gravitation.' And then he puts the following query:— "Mettra-t'on tel homme médiocre de notre temps au dessus d'un François d'Assissi, d'un Saint Bernard, d'une Jeanne d'Arc, d'un Luther parce qu'il est exempt des erreurs que ces derniers ont professés?"

History is filled with the stories of great solitary successes won by men who achieved nothing else. Occasionally, on the other hand, a failure has led to success. G. A. Sala even said that increasing years had brought him increasing respect for those who do not succeed in life, and beneath the paradox there is a truth concealed.

A man's virtues may be very hindrances to success.

† The failure of Disraeli's first speech in the House of Commons will never be forgotten, nor the immortal words with which he concluded amidst the hostile uproar—"I have begun several things many times, and I have often succeeded at the last, though many had predicted that I must fail, as they had done before me" (cries of question, question, and hear hear), and then, raising his voice, he shouted "I sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me." He kept his promise.

‡ One of the most remarkable incidents of solitary

\* *La Vie de Jenes*, p. 128. † Monypenny's *Life of Disraeli*, vol. ii, p. 11.

‡ *Dictionary of National Biography*.

success leading to absolute failure is that of Admiral Vernon in 1739. He had made himself obnoxious to the Government by his vindictive speeches in the House of Commons. In the course of these he offered to take Porto Bello, a strongly fortified Spanish city in the West Indies, with six ships. The Government, to get rid of him, accepted his offer, and gave him nine ships. Three of these he left behind, and, to the amazement of the world, captured Porto Bello with six ships.

He was subsequently given other commands, which always proved unsuccessful, and he is now generally remembered as the introducer of grog into the British navy.

\* It is a far cry from Admiral Vernon to Jean Jacques Rousseau, but as an example of an audacious attempt which ended in a disastrous failure in the career of a man who was certainly the most successful man of his age in moulding public opinion, I know nothing which surpasses, or indeed equals, the description of his effort to compose and perform a piece for the concert of M. de Treytorens. Rousseau thus describes the scene:—

“Never since French opera existed has there been such a *charivari*. The musicians choked with laughter; the audience opened their eyes wide, and would have fain closed their ears if they could. My torturers of symphonists fiddled fit to pierce the tympanum of a deaf mute. I sweated profusely and wished to fly, but kept in my place by shame—I remained where I was. For my consolation, I heard my audience say in one another’s ears, or rather in mine—one, “This is insupportable”; another, ‘What mad music’; and a third. ‘This is a witches’ sabbath.’”

And then he adds:—“Poor Jean Jacques, little did

\* *Les Confessions*, partie i, livre iv.

you think at that cruel moment that one day, before the King of France and his Court, you would create murmurs of surprise and approval, and that in the boxes around the most amiable women would exclaim in subdued tones, 'What delightful tunes'; 'What ravishing music'; 'These airs go straight to one's heart.'"

It is only an instance of the very thin line which divides failure from success. The very greatness of his fame magnified Napoleon's fall. Ferdinand de Lesseps also by his previous success in constructing the Suez Canal made his failure at Panama appear more conspicuous. His treatment was certainly not generous, nor is the memory of Napoleon III—a notable instance of success and failure, regarded to day according to his merits. Historians have minimised his abilities and depreciated his achievements.

There is a whole class of events which may be regarded either as successes or failures, and upon which the first opinion has frequently been modified by subsequent knowledge.

\* The full effect of the conduct of Gambetta—the "*fou furieux*" of Thiers, in 1871, and of his Provisional Government at Bordeaux, has only recently been fully acknowledged. The effect was such that the improvised resistance of the French nation to the Prussians, then besieging Paris, was so costly to the besiegers that the German armies were in considerable peril, and the German Government became anxious to make peace.

† Mr. Winston Churchill has related that "Lord Randolph Churchill thought that Lord Beaconsfield's career could be painted in a single sentence—"Failure,

\* *The Cambridge Modern History*, vol. xi, ch 21, p. 612. "The Franco-German War," by Major F. D. Maurice.

† *Lord Randolph Churchill*, vol. i, p. 249.



failure, failure; partial success; renewed failure; ultimate and complete triumph."

How uncertain at best in the political firmament the career of a man may be is evident when the subject is examined and contemplated.

\* At the age of forty Abraham Lincoln's career seemed finished. He was, through a most extraordinary chain of circumstances, to become President of the United States and the saviour of his country. At the same age of forty Cardinal Manning, then Archdeacon of Chichester, and almost certain to become a Bishop at the next vacancy, changed his religion and joined the Roman Catholic Church. His career, in the eyes of his friends, was finished, though if Lytton Strachey's racy and not eulogistic biography in *Eminent Victorians* is correct, he may have had good reasons for holding a different opinion. He lived to become a Prince of the Church, Archbishop of Westminster, and the greatest English ecclesiastic of his time.

† Perhaps the reflections of Marcus Aurelius fairly express the matter when he says, "Set thyself in motion if it is in thy power, and do not look about thee to see if anyone will observe it; nor yet expect Plato's Republic; but be content if the smallest thing goes on well, and consider such an event to be no small matter."

Collective success, if such it may be called, when crowds, masses of men, or nations set out upon some course, is rarely attained. Revolutions, springing frequently from high ideals, seldom find a ripe fruition.

More sordid motives, such as led to the gold

\* It is noteworthy that Dr. Woodrow Wilson was only elected President at his first election by a minority vote, owing to a split in the ranks of the Republican party.

† *Marcus Aurelius*, ix, 29.



rushes to California and Australia, usually end in disappointment for the many and possibly success for the few.

Is the successful man tied and restrained by common conventions and law, or does he set these aside to attain his end? And, if so, to what extent? There seems to be no general rule. \* Napoleon, speaking of himself, said:—"Les lois de morale et de convenance ne peuvent être faits pour moi," and other men have no doubt adopted the same code.

We are now brought to the consideration of the question: how far does each man carry the elements of success within himself?

Rochefoucauld, in one of his maxims, which seem to me to usually contain half-truths rather than whole truths, says:—† "Il y a peu de choses impossibles d'elles-mêmes; et l'application pour les faire réussir nous manque plus que les moyens"; and Napoleon, as is well known, said:—"Impossible is a word only to be found in the dictionary of fools."

Do these opinions really help us? In spite of Beccaria it is incredible that anyone can succeed as a poet.

The number of books of verses which are issued, and which bear marks of the greatest industry, but of little else of merit, are in themselves a refutation of this theory.

A visit to a gallery of modern pictures shows how little there is worth preserving. In some walks of life application counts higher than in others. The Bar and business afford the fairest opportunities of success to an industrious man. There is a curious and interesting

\* *A Short History of France*, by Madame Duclaux, p. 259.

† *Reflexions ou Sentences et Maximes Morales*, No. 243.

passage in Miss Eleanor Rathbone's admirable *Life of William Rathbone*:

\* "He had observed, in England especially, the weight which was given to a man's words or principles was greatly determined by the skill which he had shown in managing his own affairs, and that this skill, in the case at any rate of men of business, was inevitably roughly measured by the amount of his wealth."

This is true, and it is right that it should be true.

If a man is incapable of managing his own affairs how can he possibly be capable of managing the affairs of a nation?

Under a system of Socialism individual success will disappear.

Men will be drilled in one school, educated under one system, and allotted, not that task to which their individual talents direct them, but some duty assigned by the caprice of Government officials.

Under the painful necessity of war there have been numerous instances of men of high attainment being given totally unsuitable work. Doubtless this is one of the evil consequences of war, but there is no occasion to perpetuate the system in time of peace.

As long as ambition is the stimulus to success, it is clear that that nation will be the most prosperous and progressive which contains the greatest number of citizens bent upon being successful. The easiest form of success and the most demoralizing is the acquisition of wealth, and when the acquisition of wealth is regarded as the sole standard of success there is much danger of decadence. Great accumulations of wealth, leading as they do to a lower moral standard, have usually preceded the fall of nations, and civilizations.

• *William Rathbone, a Memoir*, p. 113.

Eastern civilization does not afford the same desire for material success, the same range for ambition. Kismet—it is fated—is the sterilizing creed. This is destructive of individual enterprise.

Western civilization rests on the efforts of the individual, and thus gives a character of robustness and enterprise altogether wanting in the east.

In these days of reconstruction how is the best to be made out of these two different phases of thought?

That is the problem. How is man setting out on his journey through life, filled with the ambition to succeed, so to school himself that his success shall not be for his benefit alone but for the whole community? That is the riddle.

Socialism, say the Socialists.\* The answer is, that means death to all enterprise.

The Stoic philosopher, approaching the problem from a different angle—an individualistic one—arrives at a rather different conclusion to the modern Socialist.

\* “Why of your own accord postpone your real life to the distant future? Shall you wait for some interest to fall due, or for some income on your merchandise, or for a place in the will of some wealthy old man, when you can be rich here and now? Wisdom offers wealth in ready money, and pays it over to those in whose eyes she has made wealth superfluous,” wrote Seneca. This, too, is death to all enterprise. It is also the monastic theory of life.

The probable solution of the difficulty will be found in the inculcation of the belief that there is a very limited value in money after a certain and small amount has been reached. Added wealth brings added troubles.

\* Seneca, epistle 17.

No man can eat two dinners with impunity, or reside in two houses at the same moment.

The recent war has taught us how limited is the power and use of money.

Under Government regulations much of the advantage which wealth possessed rightly disappeared. The rich man found himself on an equality with and sometimes in a position of inferiority to the poor man.

He could no longer travel in greater comfort or at greater speed. His food was limited in quality and quantity. His heat and lighting were far less in proportion to the size of his rooms than the poor man's.

He, however, learnt two lessons—useful in themselves—that money cannot always buy advantages, and that it is possible to live more simply.

The saying of Bacon was verified:—\*“Of great riches there is no real use, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit.” It cannot indeed be said that the rich man has not lavishly bestowed his wealth on benevolent causes during the war.

†“The never-ending strife for money, and more money, and more money. We saw that in living men forgot to live; that the great things of life were sacrificed for the things that really did not matter; that men starved their souls to feed their banking accounts; that they forgot the beauty of things in the price of things. We saw that love, friendship, art, music, nature were the things worth wooing; and as we shouldered our rod and sang our way back to the road we knew,” wrote F. W. Ferguson in *To-day*.

And so it is. For a young man entering upon life the question should be not only of success, but of what

\* “Of Riches,” Bacon's *Essays*.

† *To-day*, June, 1918, “Concerning a Norfolk Jacket.”

sort shall be the success at which he aims, and when won what he will do with it. He will never in his own estimation, though he may in the estimation of his friends, fully attain it.

Success or failure which shall be?

Ah! Who so wise as this can say

If time upon his brow shall lay

The wreath of immortality.



## JANE AUSTEN.

By R. H. CASE.

IN the seventies of the 18th century some interesting fiction was written, but the bulk of production was purely imitative and very worthless, so that the novel and the circulating library were entirely out of favour with thoughtful people. The better fiction of the time consisted of novels of purpose, moral or specific, of political and personal satire, of outdoor life and adventure on picaresque lines, of the sentiment of Sterne exaggerated to the most tearful sensibility; but in 1778 appeared Miss Burney's *Evelina* or *the History of a Young Lady's Entrance into the World*, in which there is no purpose, no dependence on adventure, no continual demand on the tear-box. Miss Burney goes back to the *motif* of Richardson in his last novel, *Sir Charles Grandison*; the perplexities of a young heroine and her domestic circle arising from the pretensions of lovers bold, unscrupulous and dangerous, and lovers properly diffident and irreproachably moral; for Richardson's character of Sir Charles Grandison, however ambitious an attempt to draw male perfection, is after all but the occasion for the hopes and fears, doubts and difficulties of various young women, chiefly, though by no means entirely, those in whose well-regulated minds passion is controlled by religion, good principles,—and punctilio.

In Richardson, even in this his tamest novel, there are violent and dangerous characters, abduction, duelling, Italian intrigue and bigotry, madness. In Miss Burney's *Evelina* there are also violent happenings, including (for

Richardson was not her only model) ludicrous physical discomfitures and brutal practical joking worthy of Smollett; and in her second novel, *Cecilia*, highly exciting events are rapidly accumulated till the catastrophe is reached, with an inventive and constructive power in which she resembles Ben Jonson, as she does in her gift of creating characters of humour with marked eccentricity or other label. Richardson and Miss Burney are Miss Austen's masters—her nephew declares that 'Her knowledge of Richardson's works was such as no-one is likely again to acquire'—and she admired also her contemporary, Miss Edgeworth; but all these allowed themselves a far wider range in the domestic novel. In Miss Edgeworth's *Belinda*, 1801, in which, as in all Richardson's followers, the fortunes of a young lady are pursued, the heroine is involved in the very grave distresses of her host and hostess as well as her own. When Miss Austen puts her heroines upon visitation, if there are distresses they are moderate in nature and extent. Their hostesses are not driven to racket and excitement, like Belinda's Lady Delacour, by concealed pain and quack-fostered dread of cancer; and their hosts do not commit suicide almost in their presence, as Mr. Harrel does in Miss Burney's *Cecilia*.

But we must not say that nothing serious ever happens in Miss Austen's novels. Even in these days some families would be disconcerted by the elopement, with extreme improbability of marriage, of a giddy daughter, as happens in *Pride and Prejudice*, or the disappearance of a married daughter with the professed admirer of her cousin, as in *Mansfield Park*. It is true, that she deliberately elects to confine her range, to work in miniature as she said. She has no use for such things as madness and suicide, or rude violence, or even the inevitable masked ball and intrigue of her predecessors: she turns from them just as she turned

from the devices of the mystery and terror school so happily ridiculed in *Northanger Abbey*; and to leave no doubt about her attitude, has left an amusing "Plan of a novel according to hints from various quarters," in which the heroine is often abducted, and now and then starved to death, and driven to take refuge from persecution with her father, in Kamschatka, where he dies after four or five hours of parental admonition and tender advice to his miserable child. How, then, do her books excite and hold our attention? In the first place, are we not every day, in actual life, interested in just such things as she relates? And are not many things, even trivial in consequence, exceedingly painful in themselves and therefore arresting in narrative? Whoever forgets serious misfortune or pain, and yet, even after years, flushes with keen annoyance at the memory of some trifling *faux pas* or undeserved misunderstanding, will feel all the distresses arising from Evelina's timidity and inexperience of society with the keenness and tragic importance they would have for herself,—because they are vividly represented by the genius of Miss Burney; and similarly, in Miss Austen's case, we share the confusion of Elizabeth Bennett in *Pride and Prejudice* when, erroneously convinced that the man she has lately refused is far away, she is caught apparently indulging her curiosity by going over his house and grounds. So, too, in *Emma*, when the heroine has with cruel irony insinuated that Miss Bates could not fulfil one of the alternatives in a game by saying in succession "three very dull things," because the number was limited to "only three at once," we feel pained for the victim; and then also for the offender when she is convinced of her fault and bitterly ashamed. The stream of words that pours from Miss Bates on every occasion, however trying to the patience, always reveals kindness, gratitude and humility, without one trace of

spite or ill-will; and it was cruel, indeed, to stab such a heart as her's. Essentially there is more pathos in this slight incident than in half the woes of misunderstood neurotics in modern novels.

Such a modern character Miss Austen has herself drawn in *Sense and Sensibility*. She loves to paint young women with the good sense and principle of Richardson's Harriet Byron, able to suffer for love in unselfish silence; varying their characters in other respects, so that Fanny Price in *Mansfield Park*, and Elinor Dashwood in *Sense and Sensibility*, or Anne Elliot in *Persuasion*, with equal moral strength and unselfishness, give very different impressions as individuals, and are not equally provided with physical and nervous strength. But in Elinor's sister Marianne, she has drawn sensibility in extremes, the eager excitable character satisfied with nothing less than ecstasy in admiration of scenery, poetry, music and art; despising all who are in any way inferior in appreciation, intelligence, or breeding; and blind to their good qualities even when reaping a selfish advantage from them; so wrapt in her own feelings and sufferings that she does not realize her sister's troubles, or fancies they are not felt because they are not selfishly demonstrated. There is a sister of similar nature (Hester Ibbotson) in Miss Martineau's *Deerbrook*; in both cases real sorrows ultimately bring self-knowledge and redemption of character.

To return. It is by no means only in the real importance and interest of small things, and the power of genius to shew them attractively and convincingly, that the secret of Miss Austen's success lies. She is a born narrator and easily holds our attention. A story with her is never too short or too long. It fills the space she has planned for it. She has the gift of restraint in narrative as in character. Her observation combines with other powers



to make her an excellent painter of manners, both permanent and those peculiar to her own time, though these last are very unobtrusive in her books; and she has the gift of creating characters absolutely real and lifelike, characters which owe something to description, but, in the main, reveal themselves. Some of these go abroad in the world out of her books as individually as creations of Shakespeare. How her humour lights up selfish characters for us! Fanny Price's eldest cousin sat down beside her at her first ball. She felt it would be a great honour to be asked to dance by him, and thought it must happen; but he talked of his horse and other things, and when Fanny found that it was not to be, "in the modesty of her nature" she felt she had been unreasonable in expecting it. He said, in a languid way: "If you want to dance, Fanny, I will stand up with you," and was of course excused the trouble; but when his Aunt Norris asked him to join in a rubber, because his mother was anxious to make a table for a principal guest, but could not very well spare time to sit down herself because of some very needless fringe she was working at,—"I should be most happy" replied he aloud, and jumping up with alacrity, 'it would give me the greatest pleasure; but that I am this moment going to dance. Come Fanny,' taking her hand, 'do not be dawdling any longer, or the dance will be over.'" Here the instrument is irony: these selfish characters are exhibited for amused contempt. And here, in what follows from *Persuasion*, is good humoured delight in the harmless egoism of a kind heart and not very keen intelligence. Mrs. Croft has been describing what distress of mind and body she suffered when, contrary to her own custom, and that of naval officers' wives at the time, she remained ashore while her husband the Admiral went to sea: "'Ay, to be sure. Yes indeed, oh yes, I am quite of your opinion,



Mrs. Croft,' was Mrs. Musgrove's hearty answer. 'There is nothing so bad as a separation. I am quite of your opinion. I know what it is, for Mr. Musgrove always attends the Assizes, and I am so glad when they are over, and he is safe back again.'"

In humour, as in everything, Miss Austen practices restraint and limits her range, but there is wealth and to spare within it, and the limitation is not for want of powers for low comedy had she chosen to exert them, as appears from her speaking picture of the vulgar coarse-tongued Oxonian, John Thorpe, in *Northanger Abbey*, "who with a plain face and ungraceful form, seemed fearful of being too handsome unless he wore the dress of a groom, and too much of a gentleman unless he were easy where he ought to be civil, and impudent when he might be allowed to be easy." In characterisation she has no deep-eyed villains, and leaves severely alone both the highest and lowest classes. She is economical and careful of proportion, so that she may concentrate on her principal figures. Some characters are scarcely more than hinted at, some like the old Admiral in *Mansfield Park*, (who growls about a degenerate service over his port wine with his cronies, disgruntled Rears and Vices), appear only in the talk of others. Some are merely outlined, some rather washed in, as it were, then rendered bright to the eye. For instance, in the same book, Dr. Grant is a promising character. As a gentleman and scholar, normally good-humoured, we should like to know him better; but we have only his outline; and the reason, in this case, probably is identical with that which Miss Austen gave to the Prince Regent's Librarian, when he proposed "An English Clergyman" as the subject of her next novel. She declared she had not sufficient acquaintance with literature to represent his talk, "being the most

unlearned and uninformed female who ever dared to be an authoress." Dr. Grant is a sensible man and preaches good sermons, but completely selfish. His good humour is too dependent on his wife's catering and on whether the cook makes no blunders. "Dr. Grant," we are told, "professing an indisposition . . . could not spare his wife," though her presence was due and indispensable elsewhere. "'Dr. Grant is ill' said [his sister-in-law] with mock solemnity. 'He has been ill ever since he did not eat any of the pheasant to-day. He fancied it tough, sent away his plate, and has been suffering ever since.'" We seldom have a word from himself. It is all done by these allusions: "a whist table was formed after tea—formed really for the amusement of Dr. Grant by his attentive wife, though it was not to be supposed so." Yet he showed confidence in his wife and a certain consideration for her judgment, so that his sister-in-law was persuaded there was attachment; and one may regret that elevation to a stall at Westminster and three institutionary dinners in one week carried him off in an apoplexy, induced by what dishes, eaten or not eaten by him on these solemn occasions, Miss Austen has not specified.

But when we come to those who are meant to be brought prominently before us, selection becomes difficult. Miss Austen is an expert in fathers. Sir Thomas Bertram in *Mansfield Park* is an excellent man concealed under the formalism in character which she likes to exhibit in different natures. His just mind hesitates to adopt his niece from wise not mean motives; and once convinced that it is for her good and can harm no one, he is inflexibly generous and kind henceforward. But his formal speech and severe undemonstrative manner repel the little girl, and it is many years before she can fully value him,—perhaps not until, after she had greatly incensed him in an inter-

view by rejecting a handsome offer of marriage without reasons, or consultation, or delay, he nevertheless remembered that he had found her without a fire in her retreat, even when snow was on the ground, and ordered the defect to be supplied and never to recur. Such a mark of thoughtfulness on the top of his displeasure excited even painful gratitude. Sir Thomas had his reward in her love for all he had done,—his punishment in the conduct of his own daughters, who had been awed into good behaviour by his dignified austerity, but never trained to right principles by his affectionate teaching.

In contrast Sir Walter Elliot of Kellynch Hall in *Persuasion* is a shallow character, and as such takes up less room. Besides himself he cares only for Elizabeth his eldest daughter, and for her only as she is similarly handsome, proud, vain, and extravagant. Vanity was the beginning and end of his character, fed, on the one hand, by the page at which the Baronetage (the only book he ever took up for his own amusement) always opened, and on the other by his own beauty, for he had been remarkably handsome in his youth and at fifty-four was still a very fine man.

Mr. Woodhouse, the father of Emma, is an amiable old gentleman of weak intelligence and weaker nerves, to whom any change must be for the worse, and to drive out on a winter's day is a Polar expedition. He would put off a wedding for half an hour's rain after breakfast, and is astonished to hear that the roads are not very damp and dirty after a subsequent fine day. He loves to see his table well spread, for it is an inherited custom, but is far too sure of the unwholesomeness of suppers, and too anxious for the health of his guests, to see them eat without deep concern. The dear eupeptic old ladies who come to keep him company when his daughter is out for the

evening, sit down before the dishes they adore specially ordered for their delectation by her; but Mr. Woodhouse has to be reckoned with: "I was telling you of your grand-mamma, Jane,"—said Miss Bates to her niece, after such an occasion—"there was a little disappointment. The baked apples and biscuits, excellent in their way, you know; but there was a delicate fricasie of sweetbread and some asparagus brought in at first, and good Mr. Woodhouse, not thinking the asparagus quite boiled enough, sent it all out again. Now there is nothing grandmamma loves better than sweetbread and asparagus—so she was rather disappointed; but we agreed we would not speak of it to anybody, for fear of its getting round to dear Miss Woodhouse, who would be so very much concerned." Having extracted from Mr. Perry the apothecary, his regular adviser, a rather unwilling opinion that wedding-cake might certainly disagree with many, he would never believe a strange rumour of all the little Perrys being seen with a slice of Mrs. Weston's wedding-cake in their hands; and in praising the civility and attention of Emma to visitors, he says: "If anything you are too attentive. The muffin last night, if it had been handed round once, I think it would have been enough." Hating change, he was far from approving matrimony, but he was happily just as far from foreseeing it: "Though always objecting to every marriage that was arranged," he never suffered beforehand from the apprehension of any; "it seemed as if he could not think so ill of any two persons' understanding as to suppose they meant to marry, till it were proved against them."

But Miss Austen's masterpiece in fathers is Mr. Bennett in *Pride and Prejudice*, the brightest and apparently the first finished of her novels. Mr. Bennet, having married a wife without one grain of sense, and



begotten only two sensible daughters out of five, consoles himself with his books, a philosophical temper, and a whimsical humour which extracts amusement out of his domestic infelicities. Mrs. Bennet's anxiety is to marry her daughters, her grievance that her husband's estate is entailed, though she can never understand more of entail than its consequences to her family: "There is no knowing" she says "how estates will go when once they come to be entailed." Her daughter Elizabeth's refusal of the hand of the next heir results in an interview between mother, father and daughter, which displays both parental characters to perfection. "An unhappy alternative is before you, Elizabeth," concludes Mr. Bennet. "From this day you must be a stranger to one of your parents.—Your mother will never see you again if you do *not* marry Mr. Collins, and I will never see you again if you *do*."

Mr. Collins, the heir, is a great joy to Mr. Bennet. When his first pompous letter, deploring the breach between Mr. Bennet and his late father, offering, as he says, the olive branch, and proposing a visit, is read, Elizabeth asks her father: "Can he be a sensible man, Sir?" "No, my dear; I think not. I have great hopes of finding him the reverse. There is a mixture of servility and self-importance in his letter which promises well. I am impatient to see him." "In point of composition," said Mary, the daughter who affected mental culture, read great books and made extracts, and piqued herself on the solidity of her reflections,—“his letter does not seem defective. The idea of the olive branch perhaps is not wholly new, yet I think it is well expressed.”

Mary, like Mr. Collins, is a specimen of the formal characters of Miss Austen. The formalism of Sir Thomas Bertram in *Mansfield Park* is that given by dignified austere manners and deliberate regulated action to a character



which moves always on the same lines of rectitude and good sense; the species to which Mr. Rushworth in the same book, and Mary Bennet and Mr. Collins in *Pride and Prejudice* belong, have nothing at all behind the forms that characterize them. Mr. Rushworth can only entertain one idea at a time, and always worries it to death. Cast for a part in private theatricals, he is too much engaged with what his appearance would be to perceive that other dispositions of the cast affecting his betrothed would sooner or later make him jealous. "We have got a play," said he, "It is to be 'Lover's Vows'; and I am to be Count Cassel, and am to come in first with a blue dress, and a pink satin cloak, and afterwards am to have another fine fancy suit, by way of a shooting dress. I do not know how I shall like it"; and later, "I come in three times, and have two-and-forty speeches. That's something, is not it? But I do not much like the idea of being so fine. I shall hardly know myself in a blue dress, and a pink satin cloak." The same subject is his only one at dinner; and afterwards, when Miss Crawford arrives, anxious to know with whom she will have to act, and asks: "Who is to be Anhalt? What gentleman among you am I to have the pleasure of making love to?" Mr. Rushworth, (when she has been informed that they had not yet got any Anhalt), says: "I had my choice of the parts, but I thought I should like the Count best, though I do not much relish the finery I am to have." "You chose very wisely, I am sure," replied Miss Crawford, with a brightened look; "Anhalt is a heavy part."—"The Count has two-and-forty speeches," returned Mr. Rushworth, "which is no trifle."

Mothers and wives find a severe judge in Miss Austen. Mrs. Croft and Mrs. Hargrove in *Persuasion* are brave, sensible, and kind women, and are not alone in her books; but the *exceptionally* qualified wife or mother is either dead,

like Lady Elliot in *Persuasion* and Emma Woodhouse's mother in *Emma*, or is only entering into the character as a happy heroine at the end of the story. Mrs. Bennet we have seen. Mrs. Dashwood in *Sense and Sensibility* is a kind but very injudicious mother for such a girl as Marianne, and Mrs. John Dashwood, her step-son's wife, is grasping and contemptible, stifling all the good impulses in her husband, so that, having promised his dying father to befriend his step-mother and half-sisters, his good intentions are whittled down from a gift of £1,000 to £500, and from £500 to a little help with furniture and removal, or obtaining a cheap house, and from that practically to nothing at all,—except the anxiety that other people, eligible bachelors, may provide for his sisters, as he feels unable to do. Lady Bertram and her sister Mrs. Norris in *Mansfield Park* are an amusing contrast. Lady Bertram, good natured and kind, but incurably selfish and lethargic, spends her life on the sofa with her pug-dog and the attendance of her niece, making fringe or other useless carpet work; never ruffled, because never apprehensive or troubled with an opinion of her own, apart from what concerns immediate comfort. On her husband's return from a long absence in the West Indies, she was "really extremely happy to see him," and her "feelings were so warmed by his sudden arrival, as to place her nearer agitation than she had been for the last 20 years. She had been *almost* fluttered for a few minutes, and still remained so sensibly animated as to put away her work, move pug from her side, and give all her attention, and all the rest of her sofa to her husband." One of the excuses put forward by Tom Bertram for constructing a theatre and rehearsing a play, was the need of amusing her anxiety in his father's absence, and keeping up her spirits: "It is a very anxious period for her." As he said this,

each looked towards their mother. Lady Bertram, sunk back in one corner of the sofa, the picture of health, wealth, ease, and tranquility, was just falling into a gentle doze, while Fanny was getting through the few difficulties of her work for her. Edmund smiled and shook his head. 'By Jove! this won't do,' cried Tom, throwing himself into a chair with a hearty laugh. 'To be sure, my dear mother, your anxiety—I was unlucky there.' 'What is the matter?' asked her ladyship, in the heavy tone of one half roused, 'I was not asleep.'"

Of Mrs. Norris, we have had one illustration already. Although it was at her suggestion that Fanny Price had been adopted into her brother-in-law's family, she easily backed out of her own engagements to share the burden or responsibility, and lost no occasion of making the girl feel her dependence. Though comfortably off, she is always playing the tyrannous busybody in her brother-in-law's house, saving him, "with delighted integrity" half-a-crown here and there, and certainly much profiting herself by living at his cost, and carrying off unconsidered trifles. When the rehearsed play is extinguished on the eve of performance by Sir Thomas's unexpected return and composed but unmistakeable disapproval, she contrived to remove one article from his sight that might have distressed him: "The curtain over [the making of] which she had presided with such talent and such success, went off with her to her cottage, where she happened to be particularly in want of green baize."

Of Miss Austen's young women, Elizabeth Bennet in *Pride and Prejudice* is most people's favourite, with her quick observation, spirited independence and ready championship of her friends, her share of her father's humour and the ready wit which makes her a dangerous antagonist in a war of words. With her love of a laugh, she never misses



an advantage. But she can be biting on a serious occasion in a just anger, and it is a great scene when she refuses Darcy's condescending proposal of marriage and flashes light into his proud soul. Some critics find the later Darcy inconsistent with the former, but these things may be urged in reply. The basis of his character was upright and noble, though overlaid with pride in an offensive degree; for he was "above his company and above being pleased" and indifferent or insensible to the pain and resentment his haughty airs and speech excited in others. Elizabeth's refusal, and clear impeachment of his conduct, even where based on false premises, was a revelation. Henceforward he knew himself; and it is with essentially good men as it is with great masters in literature: "The shaping spirit . . ." says Swinburne, ". . . reforms of itself its own mis-shapen work, treads down and triumphs over its own faults and errors, renews its faltering forces and resumes its undiminished reign."

It is, however, in the nature of things that Miss Austen's young men should not reach the excellence of her women. The kind Edmund Bertram in *Mansfield Park* has been rightly accused of being rather priggish, but he is not over-burdened with a sense of humour and is more over naturally seriously minded and preparing for the Church. Henry Tilney, in *Northanger Abbey*, also a clergyman, is not in the least priggish and has Mr. Bennet's amused outlook on life in the kind and degree that suits his different age and situation. While Wickham,—whose fascinating appearance and manners take in Elizabeth Bennet as they do everyone else,—is a libertine character on simple lines, heartless, cunning, mercenary, false and ungrateful, Henry Crawford, in *Mansfield Park*, is a much more subtle study. He is a young man not handsome, but with every advantage that social talents and position can

give. He has good sense, with fine appreciation of all that appeals to a superior and cultivated, even gifted mind. Without steadiness and principle himself, he has a right value for them, and even a wish to acquire them. He begins to pay attention to Fanny Price merely to amuse himself by winning her heart, intending then to cool off as he had done with others, including her cousins; but it becomes his ardent wish to obtain her hand, nay, more, to deserve it. He is attracted by her beauty, but far more by the gentleness, modesty, sweetness of her character, and her unalterable integrity and high sense of honour. With patience he was in the way to overcome her distrust of his character and to win her love, but he had played with fire too long. "Without inconstancy of mind to her," "with as little excuse of love as possible," "but merely entangled by his own vanity," he renewed his flirtation with her cousin, now Mrs. Rushworth, and the consequence was that Mrs. Rushworth's passion and indiscretion involved him in circumstances from which the only issue was their joint elopement. It was a tragic result for him, no less than that; and notwithstanding the wide difference between himself and Richardson's *Lovelace* in character and story, there is sufficient general resemblance to make them companion pictures.

Thus there is plenty of variety in Miss Austen's studies of masculine character in early manhood. To me there is a special charm in Bingley in *Pride and Prejudice*, sensible, good humoured, lively, unaffected, and handsome, which, as Elizabeth said, in speaking of him to his sister, "a young man ought likewise to be if he possibly can." He and Jane Bennet, without any gifts out of the common, simple of heart and unwilling to think or believe the least ill of others, so modest as readily to persuade themselves, or to be persuaded, that neither has really made an



impression on the other,—these two are noble figures because of their good hearts and sunny natures. Sometimes among family portraits in a great house, someone of extraordinary beauty and brightness lights up the room or gallery and warms our hearts for long after, and so it is with these two. The novelist who had parted them would have been unforgiveable. Mr. Bennet's whimsically equivocal assurance to Elizabeth soon after her engagement to Darcy, puts Bingley too low: "I admire all my sons-in-law highly, 'said he; 'Wickham, perhaps, is my favourite, but I think I shall like *your* husband quite as well as Jane's.'"

## WHITHER?

By C. Y. C. DAWBARN M.A.

IT was at our last meeting you did me the honour to elect me as your President, and when I consider the roll of those who have preceded me in such office—including among others, our illustrious fellow-citizen William Roscoe himself—I find it difficult to put into words how deeply I appreciate the kindness you have done me.

And now at the opening of this new session I know that first and foremost you would have me voice the deep gratitude we all feel to that Mighty Power which has brought us in safety through the terrible dangers of the past five years.

Far other might have been our meeting to-night. What might have been! And we shudder at the possibilities. But Providence in its infinite goodness has seen fit to bring us safely through the war, and though anxieties of peace still beset us they are restfulness to the anxieties we have now put aside. Victory ours, nothing really matters. Folly or wisdom may mean years of more or less unsettlement, but little else. A mighty world change has taken place, is still taking place: The transition will be accomplished, but whether with creaking and groaning or in amity and peace is alone in the balance. The flood of life is moving forward, slowly maybe, but irresistible as an Alpine glacier. Who the engineer to stay one of those ice floes as inch by inch it travels to the sea? And who the magician to bid life's river change its course in its passage through eternity? If he but round off a few snags, dynamite a few boulders, that it may run smoothly, he will rank as the benefactor of his kind.

And had we gone under, again nothing would have mattered. Our tale told, we should have ceased to exist. The Incas of Peru, high lords of a proud and haughty race, ruled half a world. To-day, draggled slaves of disaster, its people flee the light of the sun, and as representative of the once god-like Montezuma we see a tramp or some beggar in rags. In their songs—songs of unutterable pathos and sadness—do we alone find trace of this once mighty people of the past. And such the change of but some few hundred years. They could not thrive in subjection. Such their nature, such ours. Overwhelmed, and our proud Anglo-Saxon spirit had also been numbered with the things that have been.

And now to-night for a moment I would like to speculate on what the morrow may hold for us and speculate a little further as to how far, if at all, the moulding of that morrow may be in our hands. Can we even bring that morrow nearer by one hour by anything we say or do ? I know as individuals we seem conscious of a power to go our own whither, do our own will, and yet as years pass by do we not seem more and more as a child set to journey between two steep precipices. It can, as an irresponsible whim prompts it, now run a little up this side now the other, but in the end to be returned to the course marked out for it by the iron hand of nature. Or another simile. In the Hartz Mountains or the watershed of the Danube, from many a hill wells a little streamlet. And it rushes along so fussy and important, so free, so bright, so joyous, so sparkling, so individual and independent. And as it leaps from crag to crag in the very ecstasy of living as it were, free agency personified, it is joined by many another like little rivulet and on they all pour in torrent together until they join and become one with the mighty slow moving river, making its resistless

way through soil and rock, mountain and sea, until it in turn loses itself in the waters of the still mightier ocean.

And of that river that little stream is still a constituent part. But where, we ask, its will or power to go its own way as in early days it seemed to do? And thus ourselves: Our little sojourning here until we also are one with the great ocean of life.

And so the great flood of life as it wends its way into the vast ocean of eternity. Has there never been a parting of the ways where it has been in its own choice which channel it will take? The winning or losing of the war was but the tossing of a coin. Would no reversal of fortune have varied the flow of existence? Has no such cataclysmic happening ever re-written the story of what might have been? Or has no man, however Titanic, ever made his age or even helped to fashion his age, or never done more than voice his age? And yet who is the happier philosopher? The deepest thinker? No, but he who best puts into words the nebulous thought of his times. And the measure of his acceptance is fair index of what such thought must have been. We honour those with whom we agree, and thus whatever its machinery a nation is mostly represented by those who express its character and ideals. In a crisis communities usually find the leader they may reasonably expect. When does a great nation ever want a really great exponent of its will, and if he be wanting where seek the explanation? A nation sold to the worship of mammon will find its high priests chief amongst its princes; and if in time of stress no high soul finds hearing, why should it be otherwise? What seed flourishes in uncongenial soil? To be a leader, a man must be in tune with his times. A little latitude may be his, but it is but little. It is the prevailing thought that sways humanity, the thought born and burnt

into the very life of man by experience in the past. And this thought is the soul of a nation—is the soul of the world. For good or bad, in the end it is this thought, the thought of the ages, which is all irresistible in its power. Individually we may have some power of volition; collectively in the aggregate, we know but law alone.

And "Whither" tends this thought to-day? We would know, not that we have any great hopes of largely modifying it if at all, but simply that by an understanding mind we may make it just a shade pleasanter and more easy for us who have to tread the road. And first our query—Whence this thought; this spirit of humanity, this driving power of the world? What moulds it in its turn? we ask. How is it modified or varied? And here we note how in common with everything of which we have sensation this thought is also subject to ever recurrent change. The flood of life like the ocean itself seems subject to vast ebbs and flows, and almost with the same rhythmic precision. Perhaps better analogy, the very wave of such ocean. On the crest of a terrific Atlantic roller we look down into the abyss below; now in the trough we mark the mountains of waters towering above. And so mankind, and so his story oft repeated. Now on the summit he rushes down into the depths; now in the depths once more he ascends on high, but once more as prelude to yet another descent. One variation—one happy variation—must we mark; for whilst the trough is not so deep the crest of each successive stage has mostly been just a trifle higher. But it is only with the lapse of thousands of years that these culminating points and points of extreme depression are to be observed and measured; and, coming to particulars, perhaps the earliest trace of some such movement is to be found in the skull of that Neanderthal man a cast of which is to be seen in



every museum. And we mark the jaws. No canine or incisor teeth. What a story we can reconstruct as they tell us of a peaceful race, a grain eating race, probably an agricultural race; and then we fill in details of their doom! There is a rush of a wild fierce meat-eating horde—ourselves of the past—and they are driven off the face of the earth. Savagery again comes into its own. Then we pass to the stone age, relatively modern. It tells of progress though it is not the latest stage which always shows most advancement. We are now in the infancy of our own times. Man has at last learnt how to make tools and implements of fighting. The world is now his. He is the master animal. Beasts once his terror now admit his sway. Life is hard, bitterly hard, but it now has possibilities. It is a long cry from a stone hammer to a Vicker's Vimy plane, but the difference is in degree not in kind. The remains of that age may be crude, but they are far from wanting in vigour. No weak hand, no feeble brain made those flint arrow heads and tools. Rather it is amazing that with so poor machinery they should have done so much. But skull remains indicate convolutions and brain capacity little if at all inferior to our own. They were fine workers, those stone-using ancestors of our. And then in the dancing shadows and fanciful cloud-pictures of a past we see traces of the marvels of the amazing civilizations of Central America. Here in archaic form we find the archetype of the inimitable tracery work of India; of the beautiful key pattern of Greece, and of the wonderful pyramid of Egypt. And so old are these civilizations that by them even this of Egypt is comparatively modern. And all passed away as a story that is told. But as regards our own hemisphere, we see the bronze age followed by the iron age; great eras of advancement, until in the twilight of the awakening morn

of history we come upon a civilization not so unlike our own in this selfsame Egypt of the past. On this let us dwell for a moment. A Bacon would not have found conditions so very different from what he knew. He would have found a kindred spirit in a mighty race. And in the flood of life we are at a point of culmination and it is for this reason that evidence of its greatness has come down to us. The more worthless a period, the more worthless, the more fleeting, its work. But now as the past discovers its secrets it is a striking picture it unfolds to our wondering eyes. Towering through the mist of the centuries we see the great pyramid of Cheops, and in its way almost as thrilling the wonderful statue of Chephren. They are the climax of science and inspiration. They are so great that they have hardly been surpassed by the greatest works of a later era. We look on the statue of Chephren—its calm, cold, massive, quiet greatness and dignity, and we ask where has it been excelled even by a Phidias himself? And the great pyramid: What romance of mathematics has been evolved from its measurements alone! For standard of length—no less than the axis of the world itself. Divided into 5,000,000 parts and you have a working scale by which the most perfect plan can be laid out in every detail. We measure the four sides of the base. They measure 365 units and a fraction or one unit for each day. Of those 365 units units make a circle and find its radius, and that radius—some 58 units—will give the height itself. But more wonders lurk behind. As we and our planetary system revolve round the sun so does the solar system revolve round one of the still mightier suns of the Pleiades. For a complete revolution it takes some 258 centuries. Now measure the diagonals of the base of the pyramid and together they will be found to measure 258 units or one

unit for each century.\* And yet another marvel. We have seen that the height is some 58 units, referring to the axis of the world as the standard of measurement. The ratio of this height to one half of a diameter of the base is as 10 to 9. Raise 10 to the 9th power and multiply the height by the result, and you get the approximate mean distance of the earth from the sun, some 90 odd million miles. Enthusiasts give calculations to an inch; the sceptic has doubts as to what is the true base. So he rightly points out that the form of a pyramid is such that between the limits of the perimeter of the base at the bottom and zero at the apex you can obtain any line of any length you desire. Then as to the other calculations they are simply general properties of every square and circle, but that the original builders were aware of them is far from having been proved. But in judging that epoch it is enough for us that such a monument existed; that given one factor—the length of the base—and all the rest followed. It is the mere proportions that stagger; the relations of the measurements amongst themselves. And note, as to the length of the base, sceptic and enthusiast differ only in inches. So of course granting that they could calculate the length of the earth's axis, and they could easily have worked out every other result as well, thus anticipating the triumph of our most up-to-date science. And we find corroboration of the high level attained by them in one direction by the similar high level attained in another direction in the rival valley of the Euphrates. This time it is in their law that we find how far the human mind had advanced. In the code of Hammurabi dating B.C. 2300 we find a scientific com-

\* The royal vault, or king's chamber, is on a level with the fiftieth course of masonry, the perimeter of which is also 258 units. Still it is a high chamber with corresponding margin to select from.

pilation never excelled, not even by the code Napoleon. Some of the principles still find acceptance amongst ourselves. But one amusing example. We allow a dog one free bite. The Code of Hammurabi allowed his ox one free push. "But if an ox has pushed a man, by pushing made known his vice, and the owner have not blunted his horn, has not shut up his ox, and that ox has gored a man of gentle birth and caused him to die, he shall pay half a mina of silver. If a gentleman's servant, he shall pay one-third of a mina of silver." (ss 251-2). What a ring of modernity in this most ancient of texts, by comparison how puerile many a later compilation! In the best we find hopeless confusion between laws of ceremonial, laws of moral and laws delimiting rights. Down to the latest periods we find ecclesiastical, canon, civil, and criminal law jumbled together in one unscientific hodge-podge. Here alone we find the same firm line drawn as by our greatest jurists of to-day. So much for the construction. In the respective reparation to be made for masters and slaves we find evidence of its broad minded humanity as well. When in any land has one of the people been valued relatively at so high a rate?

Thus we vision an age in its greatness, from now on, and man once more is plunging into the trough of the waters. Some ground is to be held, some material progress marked, the depths are not quite so deep; but thousands of years are to elapse before a like level is to be again reached and in part surpassed by the Greek in the day of his glory. And confirmation of this tremendous swing back; we now see him emerging as it were from a barbaric past and it is only now that we begin to credit that in an unknown day before that past there was an art almost to equal and a science to even surpass its greatest achievements.



And in its turn the Greek supremacy is also to pass away. Its days have been but few as we count days; but it has given new canons of beauty to the world, new ideals of perfection to mankind. And then: a few short centuries and the noble gentleman of Pericles is the contemptible sycophant we find him when under the sway of the Roman. Masters have to be conciliated—can a slave be too abject? And what if we also had been driven to placate a German bully—or die?

And now indeed it is down, down, down, until we are in the depths of our dark ages, probably the lowest point of retrogression reached by humanity in historical times. Never were man and his works more worthless. Even Christianity itself is perverted by his debased outlook on life. Not least of the mysteries we would understand are these dark days following the decadence of Rome. Had Rome in her domination killed all other life and virility, and, a dead thing herself, left none to fill her place? Would this also have been the result of a Teuton triumph? Rome rotten, decayed—never a world more hopeless than in these hours of her degradation. And a German tyranny! The same debacle of mankind. Poets have sung the Austrian age as they would the glorious day of the Kaiser; but the one as the other would have been no bridal day of an awakening morn, but the swan song of an expiring civilization. But it was not to be. For some thousand years or more, mankind, having emerged from that dark period has been on the rising flood of tremendous achievement. Centuries are to pass and they are to be centuries of growth and not decline and the world of to-day is not the world the Roman ground under his heel. The Teuton thought to follow in his steps, and that mankind, a rotten berry, was to be his for the gathering. And he stretched out his hand to take it; but it was a burr of



steel he laid hold of and it pierced him and destroyed him in the day of his greatest pride. In the tremendous days of the war every ally proved himself worthy of the proudest day of his past. The Italian remembered that he was a Roman; the Frenchman would have rejoiced his Napoleon; whilst an Elizabethian would have shaken hands with his children of to-day. And the smaller nations:—the Belgian, the Serb, the Roumanian,—they have covered themselves with glory. And so it is we have witnessed, still are witnessing a world mounting on the waters, and in this great spirit of the nations is assurance for the immediate days to be.

I know we meet at times of unprecedented social unrest the wide world over—and to us living in the swirl it is perhaps even more discomforting than piping days of peace with a little less glorious spirit; and yet taking a broad survey, as we are now doing, once more this comforting thought reassures us, that it is this underlying spirit that alone tells over the centuries. Yet at the same time this perplexing reflex thought disquiets—is such unrest evidence that having reached a new point of culmination the spirit of man for the time being, has exhausted itself in its supreme effort, and that from the crest of the wave we are once more to plunge into the abyss below? It is a fair query. This rhythmic movement of thought, this rise and fall, this ebb and flow seems the law of life. And we would ask Why? and yet the further 'why'—Why our times may not prove exceptional? But the future can it be other than the past? And we would understand this wave-like to and fro of civilization. In vain. Elusive it ever escapes our comprehension. The problem is beyond us, so many its complications. So many factors go to make up life—its movement is resultant of so many forces. Separately we

may analyze them to some extent, but would we tell what each effects in their collective action we utterly fail. Now some forces pull this way, now that; now with, now against, one another; and now a force acting in one direction yesterday will act in the entirely opposite direction to-morrow. One thing only we note with certainty—when all pull together we get results which make history. When forces all tending upwards and onwards all act together we reach a maximum point of advancement; with conditions reversed we fall back to a minimum point of retrogression.

Whilst even to tabulate these forces would be the work of a lifetime, yet we may somewhat more accurately gauge one or two of the more potent of them. Thus first and foremost is the determination of nature to perpetuate life. This seems a law with no exception—given sustenance. and there *pro tanto* you will find life. Every living species in the earth, air or sea, man included, unless most highly educated will multiply and reproduce to the limit of sustenance alone. And this it is which makes our domestic problems so infinitely difficult to solve. Increase the suitable and requisite sustenance, and infallibly you will increase the corresponding life: Limit or entirely destroy such sustenance, and as surely life to the same extent will become extinct. And given life, and sustenance falling off, and there will be a fierce struggle for it amongst those who would possess it. As regards life and its perpetuation and preservation nature has left nothing to chance. Let there be but life and to the last gasp it will fight for existence—a fight for existence which in the past has so entirely moulded the human race. And next, given life, and the most powerful factor in its development is local conditions. The child of the arctic circle and the child of the tropics are almost as far apart in their outlook

as the countries which they inhabit. Those of the temperate zone may more approximate in type, but in them also we note a great difference between the people of the hills and the people of the plains. Some would maintain that race characteristics are entirely moulded by such physical conditions. Perhaps in the first stages, but as time passes man as much makes his environment as his environment makes man. Action and reaction is noticeable and beyond contention. Above all what differentiates between one race and another is energy and the want of it; and above all energy seems referable to climatic conditions. Let life be easily sustained and energy is painfully non-existent. So it is sapped if life be too hard. On the other hand it is greatest where nature has to be fought and can be fought successfully. But these are but the 'a, b, c's' of the subject, and yet nowadays how dangerously we ignore them both. Life will produce to the limit of sustenance, and energy alone makes that life of any value. The trend of modern talk is to flout the one and to sap the other, and yet the story of a nation's greatness has always been the story of its effort. Effort is essential to everything worth having. The muscle never used does not increase with rest but atrophies, and the bone ceasing to be of service ultimately is found in rudimentary form alone. It is in effort we see the makers of the world. Tried, and they go from one success to another. Life too easy, and they fail to command even a sufficiency. Thus witness many a devastating horde. Magnificent animals we first see them, whatever else. A few generations, energy lost, and they prove more effete than those they have subdued. And their prosperity is as evanescent. It is rare that wealth acquired by war brings lasting benefit. Their successive conquests with the loot and slaves that followed in their train, undermined the Romans with an

insatiable greed that tainted their life to the last page of her story. Her people became intolerant of the slow reward of honest toil. A hardy peasant clan, and they had virtues the admiration of mankind ; but from the day that Scipio dazzled them with the spoils of Carthage—from that day they were a changed race.

But it is in sustained effort that its full reward is to be found. Thus contrast Rome with the Phoenicians. The Phoenicians, never very numerous, sought prosperity in industry alone. We rarely see them as conquerors. Ruthless maybe to trade rivals, they were essentially fair in their relations with the rest of the world. If they wanted anything they bought it—land, for instance, which they paid for. Thus we see Carthage centuries after her foundation still paying rent for the site to the representatives of the original owners. And the result was, wherever the Phoenicians went they were welcome, for they took prosperity with them ; and whilst great powers like Persia and Egypt valued them as allies, savages and natives never feared them as neighbours. And we also owe them the greatest of debts, for it was they who gave us the alphabet. And thus we see them persisting in their industrious energy century after century. Tyre in particular, built on an island off the Syrian coast, impregnable in her silver streak, for two thousand three hundred years never knew her temple profaned by foot of foreign invader. And her glory, magnificence and wealth are told in marvellous verse by no less than the prophet Ezekiel himself. And most amazing fact of all, amazingly rich, her vast wealth never spelt her ruin. But she was no *nouveau riche* coming into a vast inheritance to dissipate it in profligacy, nor brigand loaded with plunder to fling it away in one mad whirl of pleasure, but her wealth—the still vaster accumulation of successful energy



applied to the service of mankind—she had learnt how to use and not to abuse. No doubt she loved the best side of every deal, but for all that people did deal with her and found their own advantage in so doing. She was essentially fair in all her transactions. Maybe, according to her detractors, her policy of honesty was a trade policy, but it was an enlightened policy, and a mighty step onward in the story of the world. The rewards of lying and thieving and conquest are immediate:—Those of honesty are a long shot, but once proved are found to be infinitely greater and more lasting. And in the end the world of to-day belongs to those who live in the morrow. ‘Happy the son whose father has gone to the devil’ may be true in the family, but certainly it is not so with nations at large. With nations this power to live in the future—this taking a long shot—always proves triumphant; and woe betide a nation when those control its destinies who care for none of these things. Honour, rectitude, probity, fortitude, devotion, courage, self-denial and truth are not assets as we reckon assets in the ‘wealth of nations,’ but yet are the only assets that count in our progress through eternity.

And so we envisage the attributes that go to the making of mankind, but still no nearer the ‘why’ of this ever recurrent, this rhythmic change into which we would enquire. We only note it as of the very essence of existence. We see it in little things, in temporary things, as well as in movements extending over the ages. Birth, maturity, decay, seems a law of universal application. Now it is the child, then the man, and soon the aged, and then another in his place. Even effort seems to beget lassitude and lassitude decay, when a new race begins the story anew. And thus backwards, forwards, upwards, downwards; now on the crest now in the trough, seems the way of the world as the centuries roll by. Yes . . .



But for all this the world of our generation is not the world of the past. The world has made strides forward—the world is not what once it was. We may not be able to analyze the forces controlling life, but it may be simpler to follow those more particularly associated with this progress. With movement there must be a corresponding force, can we but identify it. Again action and reaction cloud our enquiry; some will see cause where others effect, and *vice versa*. Some will credit one force with the advance, some another; and so our difficulties increase. But by a process of elimination we may simplify our problem. For the moment we may disregard such forces as in themselves seem to know no change and to have acted uniformly from the beginning, *e.g.*, Nature's determination to perpetuate life or even the moulding of life by local conditions. And doing this at last we are left with one factor which stands apart by itself, and it is Physical Science. No power has had such marked effect on man as Physical Science, and it is unlike every other force in this—it definitely progresses, and one generation commences where the last one left off. In nearly every other department of life man has very largely—not altogether—to start *de novo* in every case. Thus for example, Metaphysics. Our reasoning is little advanced if at all on that of the ancient Greeks, and it is doubtful if their reasoning showed any marked improvement on the Egyptian of a prior era. Here for instance a proverb from the book of Anu, the oldest book in the world. "Never argue with him who does not know." The profundity of this advice equals anything ever *aliunde* recorded, and it dates from a time thousands of years before Christ. But physical science and immediately we are on far other ground. It thrills us as we mark its triumphs and achievements. The goal of to-day is the

starting post of the morrow: The flint headed arrow discovered, and the relation of man and animal is changed, never again to be reversed. Man finds a new herb or food: that knowledge is not again to be lost. He domesticates animals, and the benefit continues to our day. With each discovery there is advance in material conditions and also in his outlook on life in general. He brings the sea under tribute, he makes the land more productive, and a new standard of comfort is established. And now his fair possessions tempt the thief, and organization for self preservation is essential. And the fundamental condition of organization is subordination, and hence class distinctions find their origin far down the ages. Then—a great step forward—man learns the mutual benefit of the interchange of commodities and thus commerce with its many ramifications. And last climax of the ancient world, the alphabet given us by the Phoenicians. Now for a while physical science stagnates and we note a corresponding stagnation in man himself, and even China itself pauses with the rest of humanity.\* Centuries pass, the earlier perhaps the more advanced, and apparently the world has reached a limit of progress. And now it is the discovery of printing, and with it once again physical science springs forward with leaps and bounds. In itself it was a magnificent invention, but above all it was priceless in preserving and facilitating every other advance. No doubt many a discovery in the past has died still-born with its discoverer for want of being recorded; but with printing this was to be so no more. And further every inventor is kept in closest touch with what is being done by others, and thus finds many a difficulty solved for him by other

\* Possibly we see in the civilization of China that of the ancient world become stationary at a high level. So her policy of isolation may be well due to her seeing a whole world relapse into barbarism.

brains. For example—wireless telegraphy. Pioneer in theory was our great townsman, Sir Oliver Lodge. His researches given to the world and we have continents linked up by its practical application to the needs of mankind. And the more we examine the subject the more we prove the marvellous harmony in the advancing movement of life with this progress of physical science. One is largely the index of the other; both might almost be charted by the same wave line. Given progress in science and we find progress in man: and moving in sympathetic unison in the past, shall it be otherwise in the future? But if this is to be so, what a glorious promise for the future we have! The past few decades have been simply overwhelming in advance in science, and if man responds as fully may not all things be possible?

But—always a but—will he so respond? For the time being may not the material have outstripped the spiritual? No doubt in the aeons of time in the future as in the past the material will come into its own; but is it to be given to us in our day and generation to secure the rich prize, or through spiritual lacking are we to find it slipping through our hands? Yes, whether it is to be ours or not must depend so much upon ourselves, and this seems consonant with the reading of the past. To the individual seems largely given the free will to choose the worse or better part; to the nation to mould its own environment for the time being though in the ages the material, averaging out the forces of nature, will assert its own resistless force and alone determine the progress of mankind.

And now we enquire how far do these theoretical considerations bear upon society as we to-day find it. And first let us emphasize the enormous strides made by science and its wonderful achievements. Of all eloquent passages

in literature, if eloquence is to be measured by the effect it produces, none is to be found to equal the two by Mulhall in his great dictionary of Statistics published in the year 1892, in which he enumerates the peaceful triumphs of his time.

Turning to page 6 we read :

In the United States 9,000,000 hands raise nearly as much grain as 66,000,000 in Europe. Thus it appears that, for want of implements or proper machinery there is waste of labour in Europe equal to 48 millions of peasants. In other words, one farm labourer in the United States is worth more than three in Europe.

Again, improved implements and machinery have made tillage more productive and grain cheaper. In 1840 each peasant produced 63 bushels of grain. In 1860 the average was 87. In 1887 it had risen to 114; *i.e.*, two men now produce more grain than three did in 1840. Again, it appears that owing to improved machinery, . . . one man now, in whatever industry, produces as much as three did in 1820 or two and a half in 1840 or two in 1860.

If we turn to page 365 we find the same idea followed out in greater detail. Thus he tells us :

(1) Arkwright's spinning jenny enabled one operative, in 1815, to produce as much yarn as 200 could a few years before.

(2) The crane of Cologne Cathedral in 1870, with two men, did the same work in one hour in lifting stone as required 60 men to work 12 hours in the middle ages; that is one man now is equal to 180 of olden times.

(3) The American boot-making machine enables one man to turn out 300 pairs of boots daily. One factory near Boston makes as many boots as 32,000 boot-makers in Paris. In 1880 there were 3,100 of these machines at work producing 150 million pairs of boots yearly.

(4) Altman's American reaper cuts and binds grain at 45 minutes per acre. D. Glynn, of California, cuts, threshes, winnows, and bags with each of his machines, 60 acres of grain daily.



(5) The United States in 1888 produced 600,000 sewing machines which could do the work of 7,200,000 women.

(6) In the western states of America one man can raise as much wheat as will feed 1,000 persons for 12 months; a second can thresh, winnow and bag it; and a third convey it to market.

(7) A girl 12 years of age in a Lancashire mill can turn out 35 yards of printed calico daily, her work in one year sufficing to clothe yearly 1,200 persons in the east.

Such then the amazing facts in 1892. To-day wholly out of date. In fifty years the world had seen a progress never equalled in any other five thousand years; in another thirty years we have nearly doubled the distance travelled. One man in 1892, says Mulhall, in whatever industry, produces as much as three in 1820. For three write six and we have the position to-day. One man—if he will—can produce as much as six did in 1820. In other words, if we would live as our forefathers did at the time of the battle of Waterloo—we could do so if we worked one hour for their six. Or put another way, they worked for six days and then kept holy the seventh whilst we could live as they did if we worked on one day alone and kept holiday the rest of the week.

Then what must we read—what only can we read in these tremendous facts? Hope, buoyancy, abundance. The efficiency of man has been trebled—sextupled—in a hundred years. Man by his labour lived in a certain degree of miserable comfort a hundred years ago. Man with his added powers must live in abundance in the years to come. What should abundance mean? Properly directed it should mean morals, education, and refinement: The triumph of the mind, the awakening of the soul, and the exaltation of the intellect over the mere corporeal and animal passions of human nature. What should abundance mean? It should mean that men as units may live



in brotherhood ; it should mean that nations may live in fellowship and goodwill. Yes, what should abundance mean ? It means that a league of nations should be no fanciful dream, but only the giving expression to the hazy thought of a war-weary world. Abundance is not restricted to any one land, nor peculiar to any one people. It is throughout the world that man's power has been multiplied, and the only limit to a nation's prosperity is its own industry and its own habits ; and every nation may be prosperous and contented, and the more so for the like prosperity of every other nation on the globe.

Yes, assuredly all this is what abundance should mean. With anxiety we ask what has it meant ? This cruel war ; this wild talk ; these bloody massacres ; this insane grabbing for more and yet more. Surely it is not enough for nature to shower every blessing upon man without also endowing him with wit to turn such blessings to account. But it is early yet to be cast down. The world is in the throes of a new birth, and the day of its deliverance is not yet at hand. For the moment man has not yet awakened to his new conditions ; for the moment his intellectual expansion fails to keep pace with his material development. Our ideas are still prehistoric, our mentality still of the time when abundance was unknown and a fight for existence a reality, and hunger more than a menace. A hundred years has sufficed to revolutionize our productive science, but has proved insufficient to readjust our mental equipment. In the past the fight for existence did mould our life, our habits and our thoughts, it determined our mentality, and that mentality is still unchanged. Thus still we must quarrel and wrangle as in an age when days were evil and life was hard and as ever wild platitudes devoid of understanding and appeal to man's basest passions is often the shortest cut to wealth and fame. So, meantime, however

optimistic our nature, it is not enough to have regard only to what perfect wisdom may teach, but to what most imperfect man may do. And yet notwithstanding these facts, notwithstanding it is hampered at every turn by man's spiritual want of development, we still find the material will not be denied. Surely, silently, resistlessly, the material has been working for good in the development of man. Whilst man has been and is still talking it has been quietly acting. With the advance of physical science and its achievements man has also made progress in the way, and largely in spite of himself—certainly so far as these islands are concerned. But he has advanced. For example, without knowing the why or the wherefore, his ethical outlook has changed, and changed for the better in many directions. Contrast our ideas on many a social problem with those of our great grandparents only. How terrible seem to us their hours of toil, their depth of ignorance, their appalling punishments! And why this change in ethical outlook? Is it that we are more humane? Race characteristics do not of themselves change in a century. No! but simply that progress in material conditions has already brought about this progress in our views. In those days life was hard, and small the margin between subsistence and actual want. Of necessity hours were long and the conditions of labour intolerable, and only less intolerable than such conditions in a state of nature itself. With food enough to keep the wolf from the door—a pregnant phrase in those days—a man was happy, and with two suits to wear instead of one he was actually rich. As for education and such amenities of life, there was little leisure to permit of such drafts on labour. But they hanged—yes, hanged—a man for stealing a sheep. And with general consent. He made a hard life still harder and was the enemy of his kind.

And so our attitude to the slave trade. We associate it with everything horrible. It is far different in our eyes to theirs of but a few years ago, and why? We can harness a slave worth a nation of blacks when we harness steam to our machinery. As long as material conditions were otherwise and the want of the world was power it was intolerable that man or race who could work should not do so. Thus even Christianity itself did not condemn it. On the contrary it saw in the slave the descendant of Ham, marked out by the Almighty Himself for slavery from the beginning. In fact until steam came and made the slave superfluous there has been only one force which has consistently tended to alleviate his lot, and it we regard as a foible at best—Snobbery. What Roman for instance could pose as a man of fashion who could not afford a separate slave for every separate office of his establishment.\*

Thus we may rejoice and rightly rejoice in our more humane outlook, but for all this should do so in all humility and without sitting in judgment on those who have gone before. Their conditions were not ours, and in our conditions they would have been no whit other than ourselves. Nothing is more wanting in comprehension than talk of the wrongs of the past. As for trying to right a past wrong by a present reform, when wronged and wronger in God's acre are together sleeping their last sleep, it is as hopeless as to bid the dead arise or their dust renew its youth and prime. And to so try is to sow dragon's teeth, to harvest a new crop of woe on woe. No; would we enter into our inheritance, with us it must be to "Let the dead past"—A past of which the wisest of

\* Exactly as in pre-war days, when the lady of the house "could have sunk through the floor" when, her waitress being away, her cook had to open the door to a visitor.

us know but little—"Let the dead past bury its dead," and to try and work out our future with good will and a true understanding. And do this, and other signs are full of encouragement. We note this change in ethical outlook, and we equally record the parallel change in our very children of to-day. In all the world's story never has more glorious tale been told than that of our first million volunteers. Who realized that England boasted so many noble sons? And they both saved her and proved her worth saving, by one and the same devotion. Had they failed, and we had gone under, would the world have been much the poorer for our exit? Why are we mistress of the seas? Because, as beautifully put by an American, so many of our sons have found their last home in the depths of the ocean. Strange but true! But that nation alone is worthy to live which knows how to die.

Thus we visualize our race in trial and war: now problems of peace perplex us. And this very abundance seems to have brought about almost the most insoluble problem of all—that of leisure. Science has brought abundance, abundance leisure, and the crying need of the hour is to learn how to use it. Before the war many of us solved it with bridge, with golf, and other like elevated pursuits. It took a war to teach us the vanity and emptiness of a life so spent. On the other hand for our millions the greatest boon our country has known is the bicycle. It has been the great temperance factor of the age, for it has found the worker a new interest in life. And now why only a bicycle? In the States they have one power-driven vehicle for every forty of the population, we only one for every four hundred. Why is the motor to be a toy only for the rich? To many a craftsman a motor cycle is well within the capacity of his purse if he will but think a little, save a little, and put his soul into



all that he does, his work included. And properly enjoyed, leisure is a glorious gift. We would have no life all toil, nor is there need for all toil. We would have our nation a joyous nation, a holiday loving nation, if only it will enjoy such holidays aright. And taking a calm view of the whole matter it would seem we may truly say that our people are gradually learning to use such leisure reasonably and rightly.

No doubt this question of leisure born of abundance is the great problem of life before us. On its solution will depend the very future of the race. As to other subsidiary problems such as free trade\* or tariff reform or *ca' cannie* policy of which we hear so much, they will all work themselves out when once we realize as a nation that it is not more abundance we want but how to use wisely the abundance already given us.† Of course, as regards *ca' cannie*, it goes to the very root of the abundance of which we speak. It is obvious the less honey that is brought into a hive, the less there will be to divide. If one set of bees decide to bring in only half loads all other bees will follow suit, with a consequent loss to all. No doubt this policy is due to an entire misapprehension of facts: our worker has been told that the only way he can secure a fair reward for his toil is by going slow. Colour is given to such talk by the steady increase in his wages during the past few decades, which he credits to this theory and practice. But such increase has been the sole result of the general material advance which we have noted, and has been in spite of and not due to such reduced production, which in fact has very much lessened what otherwise he

\* As missionaries of a magnificent ideal we may preach Free Trade, but can we justify dispute over it for any other reason.

† That is when as individuals we learn to say "I have enough," not that "you have too much." This the world has been ready to say through all the ages.



might have been receiving. However, a solution seems in sight. Pressed to its limit, the absurdity of such policy is obvious and the logic of facts is proving unanswerable. If you don't produce, there is nothing to divide. On the other hand, the reward to-day for industry and energy is abundance, and yet more abundance. It does not necessarily mean higher monetary earnings, but it does mean infinitely more of what money will buy. Nor are monetary earnings the all-important in life, nor yet even what they will buy. Let us see things in their true perspective, equate values at their true worth, and we shall master the supreme fact of existence—that all precious is the poetry of life, its sentiment, its refinement, and of least moment the adding to our store of riches. Then also we shall learn to love our little island as the most beautiful garden in the world; and to desecrate its beauties to make a few more millions will soon be a thing of the past.

And whilst we thus note the effect on our problems of the abundance promised us, yet we must not forget that it is not promised to us alone, but to every people of the world who have the understanding to appreciate it and the energy to make it their own, and this suggests the enquiry, how will the broader and larger problems of humanity be effected by the progress we have noted and recorded? And here let us approach the question from the lowest possible standpoint. Aristotle has said that man is a politic animal. Let our emendation be; Man is a quarrelsome beast. So let us take it that what alone governs his actions is pure cold unadulterated selfishness, and then ask what its effect on our international relations. It is beyond argument that the prosperity of every nation is in its own hands and is dependent on its own habits and its own industry alone. As individuals our interests may

be conflicting, but equally is it beyond argument that as nations we all do well together. Our interests run on sympathetic not on antagonistic lines, and we are each the more prosperous for the like prosperity of every other people in the world. And this is the common-sense of the League of Nations: We will have no marauder ruining or exploiting any people to our detriment as well as that of its unfortunate victim. The world has fought the ruffian, and says that ruffianism shall exist no more. What alone is required is the effective policing of the world, itself less difficult than the effective policing of many a state not a hundred years ago. With the free interchange of thought that now prevails, the world is more one than were neighbouring villages when the railway was non-existent and wireless unknown. In former days of necessity we were parochial in our outlook; now parochialism with many another limitation is a thing of the past. In a Pax Romana the world knew a peace that paralyzed and stultified mankind; in a Pax Scientæ the whole of the world shall sing for joy.

And what the bearing of intelligent selfishness in the narrower field of national life? Here also a like probable beneficent result is promised. In the mass unqualified selfishness averages itself out, is mutually destructive, and gives a chance for intelligence to prevail. No man is more intolerant of selfishness than the selfish man. When two such meet equally strong and equally determined, good will there may be none, but compromise must come into its own. Thus a nation like Tyre may take a long shot and find prosperity in fair dealing when every individual trader would profit by his fraud. In the Florence also of the 14th Century the quality of her cloth was of civic importance, and a merchant who sold

an inferior bale was treated as a criminal. In the result its excellence passed into a proverb, and her trade in it long survived her liberties and political fortunes.

One benefits by an abuse, the many suffer. Intelligent selfishness demands honesty in the interest of the whole. The individual in the prosecution of his vicious pleasures may be ready to infect a township; the community in its own interests may well insist that purity shall prevail. So in the past war above all we have realized the advantage of being members of a strong power. And the basis of that strength is health. And selfishness,—it hardly needs to be enlightened selfishness,—may well clamour for healthy life and thus make for realizing the great law of existence, that *healthy life is happy life and alone is happy life*. And healthy life being of supreme importance, will it be long before we insist on the all-essential of healthy life.—**The Right of the Unborn to be Born of Health-giving Parents.** And do this, and it alone will mean a new world. Thus shall selfishness teach, thus shall we learn, that all sin is folly, and that all folly is sin.

So much of international relations and of our social relations as a whole. And now what of the individual? What does abundance mean for the individual—how will it develop his character? And here we note that the very source of our well-being argues well for its continuance. It is no wealth stolen from others to impoverish them and ruin our moral nature; it is no bounty given by a too generous nature to sap our vitality and enervate our life; but it is ours as the reward of work and application alone. Listless, and it is ours no more. Idle, and we are quickly brought to our bearings by want again threatening. Thus in these very conditions are the best assurance for the permanence of our prosperity. Intrinsically no moral deterioration is involved in its persistence, but the reverse.

And in discussing our own particular problems we have seen how we have advanced in ethical outlook as well as in material development. And is not further advance a reasonable expectation? The very effort demanded to secure abundance, and which abundance will foster, will also educate and accustom man to the enjoyment of such abundance and raise him to a still higher standard of life. Not that we must expect an immediate transformation. In his nature man is the child of a long long past and the one nightmare of that past has been want. No! Ideas born of the ages are not to be changed in the passing of an hour. But for all that a certain optimism is justifiable. On rations—and the best of us marked with jealousy the heaped-up plate of his fellow; as for the man who emptied the sugar basin, he was little better than a cur in our eyes.—Well, on rations, we got some little insight into a past when famine was an ever present threat and scarcity the order of the day. And that same scarcity has been moulding man's thoughts and desires through the cycles of the centuries. Anything that stood between man and starvation—wealth, power, strength, position, importance, etc., etc.—was man's greatest good. Then shall no change take place when abundance is the heritage of mankind? One bone for two dogs was the law of the jungle in the past; two bones, three bones for every beast is now the gift of nature to our race.

We have drawn our conclusions from a state of society where selfishness is assumed as the all-governing principle of life. We have made everything of the material, we have ignored the spiritual, but who will say that altruism is no real living vital force as well? And with it ranged on the side of progress may not our fairest of dreams materialize and become actual realities? With the morrow assured both for oneself and one's children, may not new



values be established of the truly precious in life? Love, esteem, and respect, in the scales with pure materialism, may weigh very differently when man is killed with anxiety and when a fight for existence troubles him no more. And as generations pass may not the cumulative effects be such as to entirely recast his thought and open his eyes to the greatest good? And what the greatest good—the highest satisfaction possible, otherwise happiness, to be got out of life? God in life has given man a glorious gift, and the giver is most praised when his gift is most fully enjoyed. And when man masters the further undoubted fact that happiness is greatest when shared with one and all, then we shall be near attaining that coincidence of selfishness and altruism of which the philosopher has talked, the poet sung, and the idealist made quest throughout the past.\* And is this ever to be? Who shall say? And certainly who shall say it shall not? In its journey through the ages we have seen the world reaching ever higher altitudes, and of this we are assured, it has now been given to man to enjoy as never before. So here we leave our enquiry. Again we may liken ourselves to the voyager on the rollers of the Atlantic. Now we are rising on the wave. Is the crest still above us or are we to plunge into the depths of the waters? Is another cycle of the ages to be recorded before man learns the lesson of life—the lesson of love? Or is it to be given to another day and generation to realize the joys of which we to-day have the promise?

Behold, man had learnt to love,  
And the world had become a smiling paradise.

\* But let us not deceive ourselves. Let us do another a good turn, not in expectation of gratitude, but simply with the consciousness that we shall be happier because another is happier. That is our reward—our own increased happiness, not his gratitude.



Yes, ours is the promise of the dawn. Clouds may darken our vision, but playing on the horizon is the radiance of the day to be, and even if not to be ours, yet shall we not say it is well to have looked upon its glory and to have mused awhile upon its joys?

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF IMMANUEL KANT.

BY SIR JAMES BARR, C.B.E., D.L., M.D., LL.D.,  
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IN selecting a subject for this inaugural address I was anxious to pay deference to the latter part of the title of our Society. Philosophy which played a very prominent part in the age of enlightenment, has, in more recent times, been largely displaced by scientific thought and feeling. Men and women as sensual beings live for the present; and scarcely find time to consider futurity. I can, therefore, scarcely hope to effect any recrudescence in a subject mainly occupied with the eternal happiness of the human race.

I have chosen the philosophy of Immanuel Kant, not that I have any more respect for it than for that of any other great authority, but, because he was about the first to systematize the subject, and lay a firm foundation on which others could build. He vainly thought that his foundation was so well and truly laid that it could never be disturbed, but he scarcely saw that under a system of neglect all philosophy was likely to crumble in an utilitarian and material age. It seems to me that the reason why philosophy never got any permanent hold on the people was because philosophers segregated themselves from the common herd, with whom they had no gregarious instinct. Like theologians they did not use a language understood by the people, or when they did indulge in their mother tongue they rendered it, as far as possible, incomprehensible. We must be careful in speaking of philosophers

because even Kant asked, where are they? and he preferred to teach the youth to philosophize rather than to become philosophers. While those of a speculative turn of mind were ever ready to span the universe, scale the heavens, or even fathom the depth of hell, yet they always found that there was a limit to human knowledge, a barrier beyond which the acutest intellect could not proceed.

The philosophy of Kant is very wide spread and it would be impossible even in a series of addresses to do more than skim the surface, I shall therefore confine our attention to some few points in the Critique of Pure Reason which is the coping stone of the great edifice which Kant raised. To those who wish to go deeply into his works I can strongly recommend Kant's Critical Philosophy by Edward Caird. Kant was the grandson of a Scotsman who migrated to Königsberg, but why even a Scotsman should have settled in Königsberg the sage fails to tell us. However it is very fitting that the best Commentator of Kant's work should have been a Scotsman.

Kant was born in 1724, and died in 1804, he therefore lived through the greater part of what has been aptly termed the Century of Enlightenment. His life history does not here concern us; we are only interested in his work. As a soporific a few chapters of Kant's philosophy is better than most sermons, but my object is not to send you to sleep, but to try and keep you awake for one hour, while we discuss an interesting, if rather abstruse subject. Philosophers soared so high into the ethereal regions that it is often difficult to follow their speculative philosophy; in fact, it is very doubtful whether they always understood themselves, and certainly, they often did not understand one another, hence their frequent virulent controversies, in which the public took very little, if any interest, except to find on which side orthodoxy lay, and then the whole

anathema of the Church was hurled—often very undeservedly—on those who appeared to controvert her dogmas. Kant was brought up in a School of piety, then dominant in Königsberg, from which he was never able to set himself free, though in later life he was somewhat influenced by the sceptical idealism of David Hume, whom he does not seem to have ever completely understood.

I had not gone far in my project when I discovered the almost insuperable difficulty of constructing a smoothly running narrative from Kant's philosophy, I therefore devoutly wished that I had chosen the *Foundations of Belief* by Mr. A. J. Balfour, a work of both high literary and philosophic merit to which I commend your attention. However it was too late, the title of my address was in the hands of your Secretary, and I could not herald my own incapacity. My first impression was to give a glossary of the principal terms used by Kant, and the sense in which he used them, but I found that this would only lead to further confusion and land you in an abyss from which I might find it difficult to extract you, I therefore determined to avoid, as far as possible, his phraseology, and, without doing any violence to his views, to be very sparing with all technicalities, and use only pure English; I may not do full justice to this sage or keep his lamp burning as brightly as he would have desired, but at any rate I shall endeavour to make myself intelligible.

Kant in his preface says "I have let comprehensiveness be my great object in this occupation, and I am bold enough to say that there cannot be a single metaphysical problem that is not here solved, or to whose solution the key, at least, is not here afforded." He is evidently quite satisfied with his own accomplishments, but he claims that his boastful assurance is very moderate compared with the pretensions of many, "to prove the simple nature

of the soul, or the necessity of a first commencement of the world. For such a one makes himself responsible to extend human cognition out beyond all limits of possible experience, as to which I humbly confess, that this wholly transcends my power—in place of which, I have simply to do with nature, and its pure thinking, in respect of whose particularized knowledge I need not seek far about me, since I meet with it in myself, and as to which, in fact, common logic already gives me an example, so that all its simple operations may be fully and systematically enumerated; only that here the question has arisen, how much I may for instance hope to effect with the same, provided all matter and support from experience is taken away.”

He is very strong on the certainty and clearness of beliefs, and that mere expressions of opinion are not to be tolerated, “and that all therein which only seem similar to hypotheses is forbidden goods, which cannot be exposed to sale at the vilest price, but as soon as they are discovered must be seized. For, every cognition which is to stand firm *a priori* announces itself—that it will be held as absolutely necessary—and a determination of all mere cognitions *à priori*, so much the more,—since it is to be the standard measure, consequently, itself the example of all apodictical certainty.” This is an example of Kant’s circumlocution. Kant was in the habit of using common expressions or terms to which he gave his own particular meaning. Previous to him *à priori* was used to imply reasoning from cause to effect, just as *à posteriori* was reasoning from an effect to its cause, but Kant uses the term to apply to all elements of knowledge which are not evolved out of experience, but which are potentially in the mind antecedent to the act of experience, in fact, self-evident axioms, the truth of which cannot be gainsaid.



There are two terms which loom largely in Kant's philosophy, namely time and space, and of course these are purely *à priori* conceptions as they can make no impression on our senses, which are the avenues of all our experience. What are time and space? To the ordinary individual it might seem rather absurd, even crazy, to say that there is no such thing as time, we cannot see, feel, handle, taste, smell or hear it; there is no impression of any kind on any of our senses. It is simply a cognition or inference of our mind that such a conception is necessary to account for all phenomena in the universe. What we understand by time is merely a succession of events—the earth whirls round on its axis, turning different parts in succession towards the sun, this succession of events we arbitrarily divide into 24 hours, so that those living near the Equator are whirled round at the rate of 1000 miles an hour without knowing it. Again we travel round the sun at the rate of at least 65,000 miles an hour without any perception of the fact, and if the earth stopped even for a second we would have scarcely time to know it. This is what is called time on this very twelfth rate planet; other planets have got their own time, and seasons, and other succession of events. If it be difficult to conceive what is this non-entity, time, it would be more difficult to conceive of it ever having a beginning or ever having an end. Presumably, long after any percipient beings are alive on this earth it will continue to whirl on its axis and travel round the sun; where then will time be? The succession of events since Adam was a little boy is merely a vapour on a long out-stretched eternity.

Recently scientific men were much perturbed trying to understand Einstein's theory of relativity. He linked up this non-entity, time, with the three dimensions in

space, thus making a fourth dimension, but it is to me most difficult to conceive how anyone, even a transcendental idealist, such as Berkeley or Hume, could imagine such a combination. Even you take John Stuart Mill's idea of matter, as a permanent possibility of sensation we know that in its length, breadth, and thickness it makes an impression on our senses, and it is impossible to link up with such, a mere cognition of the mind which, so far as our senses are concerned, is non-existent. In my opinion this absurdity will not be sufficiently long-lived to require any new geometry to measure matter in time and space.

What is space? Some philosophers have denied the very existence of space, certainly as far as our senses are concerned it is non-existent, it is a mere *à priori* conception, we can envisage things in space, but we cannot see space, nor does it affect any of our other senses. Have you ever tried to estimate space in an absolutely dark room, or in a dense fog when you were walking up against a lamp-post? That there is space, though it may be an empty void of which we have no perception, in which things are placed, we have and can have no doubt, we can envisage things in space, and discern their three dimensions, but fortunately our intuition does not depend entirely on our sense of sight. Helmholtz said of the eye that as an optical instrument it was a bundle of mistakes, yet highly intelligent human beings go on adding to and multiplying these mistakes. Many years ago I said that two short-sighted individuals should not mate, but the only answer I got was that love is blind. The great transcendental idealist, Bishop Berkeley, who was supposed not to believe in matter, but who probably did believe in it in the sense expounded by John Stuart Mill, established a

new theory of vision which then met with great opposition, but is now generally accepted. He showed that in early infancy the only impression which external objects made on the retina of the eye was that of a flat surface, but as the child handled objects, and found their form and extension the eye was gradually educated to recognise the three dimensions of matter. In the same way the two pictures on the two retinæ of one object are superimposed and the mind only recognises one picture of one object. When anything occurs, such as paralysis of a muscle, to disturb the accommodation of the two eyes we get two pictures of one object.

Kant uses the term *envisage* almost in the same sense as intuition, but there can be no doubt that our intuitive knowledge depends more largely on our other senses than on that of sight. The man who was born blind has often a greater intuitive knowledge than the man who has all his senses. In many examinations I often shut my own eyes so as not to disturb my sense of touch. So far as our perceptions are concerned there is no such thing as space, but, as we believe in matter, there must be somewhere to place the stars and planets and other minor objects in the universe; we are thus forced to conclude that there is space without limit, and like time eternal.

*Motion.* We have incidentally referred to motion and a few lines on the subject may be here useful. We have moved very far from the time of the philosopher who said that there was no such thing as motion because he contended that a body could not move in the place in which it is, and it could not move in a place in which it was not. He failed to perceive that a body could move from one place to another, and surely a humming top spins in the place in which it is. Our tendency now is

to move from matter to perpetual motion. Matter is now supposed to be constituted of electrons which are finally reduced to charges of electricity; these electrons are in constant motion in the atoms which they compose. Professor Millikan, of Chicago, I understand, has computed that it would take two and a half million people twenty thousand years to count the number of electrons passing through an ordinary electric light filament in one second. This is not bad for Chicago, but I think you might take off a large discount without unduly enlarging the size of electrons.

I recently saw a demonstration of electrons by Dr. John G. Kerr in the Pilkington Hospital. He established an electric field between two insulated tin plates; one of which was charged with positive and the other with negative electricity. He placed a lighted candle in the centre, and on each side between the candle and a plate he introduced a large wax disc. The positive electrons given off by the candle travelled towards the negative plate, and the negative electrons towards the positive plate. The bulk of the electrons were caught on the respective wax discs, but after a time a sufficient number passed through the discs to discharge the electric charges in the condensers. On the wax discs the electrons could be neither seen, nor felt, nor analysed, but you could easily show their presence and nature by picking up a disc and carrying it to an electroscope. This reduction of matter to electric charges would rather tend to show that the transcendental idealists were not far out after all.

Kant, unlike Sir William Hamilton, was not only a philosopher, but a good mathematician, and hence he held mathematics and physics in high respect. He says "Upon the man who first demonstrated the equilateral

triangle a light dawned, for he found that he must investigate, not that which he saw in the figures, or yet in its mere conception, and, as it were, thereof learn its properties, but must produce that which he represented and therein thought *à priori*, according to the conceptions themselves, and that, in order securely to know something, *à priori*, he must not attribute anything to the thing, but that which he had placed in it himself, according to his conception."

Kant thought that Metaphysics as a speculative cognition of reason would endure even if science were swallowed up in the vortex of an all annihilating barbarism. Mr. Balfour puts the matter in a different light, he thinks that under a highly developed naturalism, which is and has been for many decades the tendency of this scientific age, metaphysics, which deals with God, liberty, and immortality, would be the first to disappear. "As life is but a petty episode in the history of the universe; as feeling is an attribute of only a fraction of things that live, so moral sentiment, and the apprehension of moral rules are found in but an insignificant minority of things that feel, they are not, so to speak, among the necessities of nature; no great spaces are marked out for their accommodation, were they to vanish to-morrow, the great machine would move on with no noticeable variation; the sum of realities would not suffer sensible diminution; the organic world would itself scarcely mark the change. A few highly developed mammals, and chiefest among these man, would lose instincts and beliefs which have proved of considerable value in the struggle for existence, if not between individuals, at least between tribes and species. But put it at the highest, we can say no more than that there would be a great diminution of human happiness, that the civil-



isation would become difficult or impossible, and that the higher races might even succumb and disappear." The present state of Europe gives much colour to Mr. Balfour's forebodings.

Kant says that "all our cognition begins with experience, there can be no doubt; for how otherwise should the faculty of cognition be awakened into exercise if this did not occur through objects which affect our senses, and partly of themselves produce representations, and partly bring our understanding capacity into action, to compare these, to connect, or to separate them, and in this way to work up the raw material of sensible impressions into a cognition of objects, which is termed experience."

In respect of time therefore, no cognition can precede in us experience, and with this all commences."

There are cognitions *à priori* independent of all experience which imply necessity and universality of which mathematics afford abundant examples. The cognition of God; liberty, and immortality are not met with in any experience. Leibniz held that the human mind was capable of cognising God, an opinion not shared by Kant.

Kant termed all cognition transcendental, which concerns itself in general not so much with objects, as with our mode of cognition of objects, so far as this cognition may be possible *à priori*.

"Our cognition springs from two fundamental sources of the mind, the first of which is to receive representations, the second, the faculty by means of those representations of cognizing an object, through the former an object is given to us. By the second this object is thought in relationship with the representation in question." We have got the ego, and the non ego; the percipient subject,

and the object perceived. Material objects in nature have the capacity of making an impression on our senses, and such impressions need go no further; many people go through life without perceiving much of what they see and hear, you can see a picture or a landscape without appreciating its beauty, you can hear fine music or a brilliant discourse without understanding it. You do not intelligently see and hear with your eyes and ears. You must look and listen, you must employ your mind to see and hear, you must also cultivate all your other senses if you wish to develop your experience to the greatest possible extent.

Your thinking mind interprets the impressions made on your senses and gives you a conception of the object perceived, you carry your thoughts back to the object and its relations to other objects and rapidly form an intuitive judgment as to its nature. The greater the number of your senses employed in the cognition of an object the more accurate will be your intuition. Many people are quite content to depend on their eyesight alone, the most imperfect of all our senses; they tell you that seeing is believing, but I would like to know their capacity for seeing accurately. Even Kant uses the term *envisage* as synonymous with intuition. Conceptions and intuitions are said to be empirical when they are the direct result of sensations, and pure when there is no sensation mixed up with the representation. You can envisage an object with your eyes shut, though the knowledge of that object may have been previously derived from experience. Pure intuitions or conceptions are only possible *à priori*, and empirical only *a posteriori*.

The sensibility of the mind, or, as many would say, of the brain is its capacity for receiving impressions, and the understanding is the faculty of bringing forth

representations or spontaneous cognitions. Kant says, "Thoughts without content are void—intuitions without concepts are blind, therefore it is equally as necessary to make our conceptions sensible (that is, to form them to the object in the intuition), as it is to make our intuitions intelligible to ourselves (that is, to bring them under conceptions). Neither faculty, nor capacity can exchange its functions. The understanding cannot envisage and the senses cannot think. Only because they are united can cognition thence arise." The secondary qualities of matter, such as colour, are not inherent in the object but placed there by our intuition.

The colour of an article is due to its power of absorbing and reflecting various rays of light; a diamond has no more brilliancy in the absence of light than a piece of coal, and yet our lady friends attach very different values to those allotropic forms of carbon.

Kant, like Plato, thought that reason started from experience, but he carried it out beyond all bounds of experience. He placed reason on a much higher platform than that of intuition, in fact he does not seem to place human intuition much higher than the instinct of the lower animals. The dog knoweth his master, but he does not cognize him. From what I know of some human beings this seems to me rather hard on the dog. I think that intuition has a practical utility which Kant did not fully comprehend.

*Intuition.* Perhaps the greatest living philosopher of the intuitive school is Henri Bergson. He says, "Instinct is sympathy. If this sympathy could extend its object and also reflect upon itself, it would give us the key to vital operations—just as intelligence, developed and disciplined, guides us into matter. For—we cannot too often repeat it—intelligence and instinct are turned

in opposite directions—the former towards inert matter, the latter towards life. Intelligence, by means of science, which is its work, will deliver up to us more and more completely the secret of physical operations; of life it brings us, and, moreover, only claims to bring us, a translation in terms of inertia. It goes all round life, taking from outside the greatest possible number of views of it, drawing it into itself instead of entering into it. But, it is to the very inwardness of life that *intuition* leads us. By intuition I mean instinct that has become disinterested, self-conscious, capable of reflecting upon its object and of enlarging it indefinitely.”

While ready to agree with Bergson that intellect and intuition run in opposite directions, and are often developed at the mutual expense of one another. The scintillations of this genius are more apt to appeal to the meta-physician than to the physician, as the latter has generally to deal with hard facts already made for him. The intellectual scientific man is apt to hold that all phenomena will ultimately be explained in scientific terms, and that even mind and consciousness may be shown to be the function of highly differentiated nervous protoplasm. On the other hand, intuition leads to a higher conception of life and consciousness as something more than mere function of organised material, something apart from matter, but which our intellectual conceptions cannot conceive except in association with matter. Our intuition leads us to look upon mind as a guiding principle which can enter and control matter, a something which can rise to higher spheres, whereas the organised material which it directs and controls returns to inert or degraded matter when the control ceases, Bergson forcibly puts the position for natural instinct as follows:

"When a strong instinct assures the probability of personal survival, they are right not to close their ears to its voice; but if there exist souls capable of an independent life, whence do they come? When, how, and why do they enter this body which we can see arise quite naturally, from a mixed cell derived from the bodies of its two parents? All these questions will remain unanswered, a philosophy of intuition will be a negation of science, will be sooner or later swept away by science, if it does not resolve to see the life of the body just where it really is, on the road that leads to the life of the spirit. But it will then no longer have to do with definite living beings. Life as a whole from the initial impulsion that thrust it into the world will appear as a wave which rises, and which is opposed by the descending movement of matter."

These are high and noble sentiments which every one should ponder who is not satisfied with the life that now is. The nihilist may feel satisfied with the idea that with the end of this life there is an end of all things so far as the individual is concerned, and that if a man is to live on he must do so in his works and in his progeny, but not as a personal survival. On the other hand the Apostle Paul felt a perfect assurance of a future existence, and if in this life he had only hope he would be of all men most miserable

Starr Jordan believes that there are myriads of souls waiting for bodies to enter. I have no wish to interfere with the convictions of any one on such a subject, but, if he be right, I would fervently hope that many of the souls will never discover their bodies. A learned theologian recently said that it was better to be born an idiot than not be born at all. That seems to me a low conception of life, and all that therunto appertains. We



should see that there are fit bodies for souls, suitable tenements for the man who is made in the image and knowledge of God. The nihilists of Germany and Russia who live for the present, if they had their way, would make the higher evolution of the race impossible, and all morality would crumble in the dust.

The interdependence of life, and the functions of organised matter must not be overlooked. The intelligence of many is improved and their lives prolonged by the judicious use of sheep's thyroid; we cannot suppose that this is a food for the soul, but merely that it improves the machine on which the soul acts. Women are often more sharp-witted, more intuitive, than men, and this is probably because their thyroid glands are as a rule more active.

Many of us are quite willing, nay, anxious to place life, consciousness, all the mental attributes, and that even less definable entity, the soul, on a much higher plane than that of the functions of the nervous system, but when the operations of the brain are annulled, as in profound anaesthesia, we are often forced to ask what becomes of these controlling agencies which permeate matter, and raise the intellectual man to his present sphere, so that in knowledge and wisdom he may be aptly described as made in the image of God. "Canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty into perfection?"

How far the human intellect, or, as Bergson would prefer, the human intuition, may yet succeed in unravelling many of the mysteries of life we cannot at present say, but I have no doubt that in the process of evolution the human intellect will be carried to a much higher plane than that to which it has at present attained, if, as Mr. Balfour has said, the forces of disintegration

do not overcome those of civilisation. One cannot help admiring the great intuitive French nation. They have shaken off the shackles of the church, but we must not infer from that, that they are not a spiritual people. They intuitively know the right thing and they do it, they knew that Germany meant war, and as a *dernier resort* to avert that war they implored our phlegmatic calculating Government to show their hand, but to no avail; our Government continued with peaceful persuasion for fear they might be accused of precipitating a war, which every intelligent being knew was inevitable. We kept blundering on, always doing the wrong thing, or the right thing at the wrong time. We now console ourselves with the supposition that we won the war which we often nearly lost, and now we are on the high road to losing the peace, and rapidly falling to a fourth rate power. France is the only country which could rule Ireland, and if she had been in control, even as a war measure, there would have been no army of occupation in that distressful country, and the Sinn Feiners, every one of them, would have been in the Foreign Legion fighting the Germans. The French would have no dealings with the Bolsheviks, and they sent our two Bolsheviks back to this country; they recognised the Government of General Wrangel, and gave material assistance to the Poles—unlike our moral support; their Generals in the war displayed the intuitive method, they knew what to do and when to do it, and they did it. About the only two great intuitive Generals which this country ever produced were Clive and Wellington—neither of whom was guided by politicians, or Army Councils.

The history of modern thought began with the reformation which declared for the spiritual independence

of the individual, and the abolition of mere authority. The enlightened individual could not accept any doctrine which did not accord with his own reason. There was a return of man's spirit to itself. A truth or supposed truth which did not carry conviction was no truth for the independent thinker. A power which directed activity to an end which he could not consider for his own eternal good was considered an external tyranny to be resisted.

Edward Caird points out that the conception of the unity of thought with the object—the sole conception which makes it possible to reconcile the objective knowledge of God, or of the world with the subjective principle of freedom was involved in Luther's idea of religion, and in Brown's Empiricism, but it was not distinctly recognized by either. Bacon in his description of his method or physical enquiry lays down the principle by which it is to be guided, but he exhibits no idea of connecting that method, or those principles with self-consciousness. He usually speaks as if facts were given through the senses without any aid from reason. Many who pride themselves in a supposed following of Bacon's inductive philosophy fail to see that the mere accumulation of statistics without a guiding principle is useless. A single negative may upset a year's work. If we are to arrive at any sound conclusion, either by deduction or induction, the critical faculty of reason must be employed. Even of our own existence we must be self-conscious, as Descartes said, *Cogito ergo sum*.

In the following paragraph Kant seemed to have, in some respects fore-stalled the vague and somewhat meaningless theory of Einstein. "I perceive that phenomena follow one another, that is, that a state of things is in one time, the contrary whereof was in the former state. I connect therefore properly two per-

ceptions in time. Now connection is no work of the mere senses and of intuition, but is here the product of a synthetical faculty of the imagination, which determines the internal sense, in respect of the relationship of time. But, this imagination can conjoin the two mentioned states in the like manner, so that the one or the other precedes in time—for time cannot in itself be perceived, and in reference to it, what precedes and what follows, can be determined, as it were empirically, in the object. I am therefore only conscious, that my imagination sets one before, and the other after, not that in the object, the one state precedes the other,—or in other words through mere perceptions, the objective relationship of successive phenomena remain undetermined."

Kant, as well as Plato, held that reason took its starting point in experience, but went out far beyond it. Both philosophers held that ideas are the condition of experience without being its object, and that reason tends to the highest possible unity. The principal ideas involved in metaphysical enquiry, are God, freedom and immortality. From the totality of conditions of all objects of thought, Kant concludes on the existence of a Being of all Beings, but of whose unconditioned necessity he can make to himself, no conception. Mill held that design is the strongest argument in favour of a great First cause. Sir William Hamilton speaks reverentially of the unknown and unknowable God.

The Athenians raised an altar to the unknown God, but Paul censured their superstition and said that the unknown God, whom they ignorantly worshipped, he declared unto them. Paul was a Jewish philosopher of no mean order, but, it seems to me that, he only represented to the Athenians the God-Head as manifested in the God-man, Christ Jesus. The Creator of the Uni-



verse was as unknown and unknowable to Paul, as to Sir William Hamilton, or to any one else.

Kant seems at times to have mental reservations as to the possibility of ever being able to prove a future life.

The faculty of self-consciousness may wane and at death disappear. The permanence of the soul therefore remains the mere object of the internal sense, undetermined and even undeterminable. Its presence in life is clear itself, as the thinking being is at the same time an object of the external senses, but this is not sufficient to show the absolute permanence of the same soul out beyond life. If materialism fails to explain the mystery of life, so spiritualism is insufficient to prove a future existence of the soul. \* He condemns useless speculation on this point which he holds will never be solved in this life, and recommends the practical belief that our destiny will extend infinitely far beyond experience, and consequently out beyond this life. The natural disposition of man, and his conceptions of the moral law carry him so far beyond all utility and advantage which he could derive in this life, that he feels obliged to preserve moral rectitude even at the loss of every worldly advantage, and thus become a fit citizen for a better world. Although it may be difficult for human reason to prove the existence of God and a future life, it is absolutely impossible for any one to prove the contrary; the faithful can therefore allow their souls to await in patience the realization of their hopes in futurity, without troubling their minds in this life about the vain conjectures of Sir Conan Doyle, Sir Oliver Lodge, and Mr. Vale Owen.

Kant held that transcendental philosophy was capable of answering, I presume outside metaphysics, thoroughly and completely every speculative question which concerns an object of pure reason. He had evidently a very high



opinion of his reasoning faculty, but personally I should like to have such a simple question as what is gravity? thoroughly and completely answered.

Kant advocated the cultivation of a high morality as conducive to happiness, and that every one should do that which would make him worthy of being happy; the system of morality is inseparably conjoined with that of happiness, but only in the idea of pure reason. John Stuart Mill reversed the order and said that happiness is the fundamental basis of all morality.

The supreme moral Governor of the Universe as the cause of all the happiness in the world is a stumbling block to many who would rather attribute to Him all the misery at present rampant. On the other hand there are many who look for happiness hereafter when the troubles of this world have passed. One brazen faced play-writer asks the question, shall I forgive God? the only proper answer is that it does not matter to anyone but yourself, and so far as you have got a free will you can exercise it. To you God is unknown and unknowable. The failing with many is that they will not recognise God as unknown and unknowable, but measure Him by human attributes. As Sir William Hamilton said, God understood would be no God at all. To think that God is as we can think him to be is blasphemy. The Divinity, in a certain sense, is revealed; in a certain sense, concealed. He is at once known and unknown, but the last and highest consecration of all true religion must be an *Αγνώστῳ Θεῷ*.

Cousin takes a spiritual view, and thinks that we can have a direct intuition of God. On the other hand John Stuart Mill, who always tries to be reasonable, does not rise to such a transcendental conception, but takes a very mundane view. He says, "If instead of the glad tidings

that there exists a Being in whom 'all the excellencies which the highest human mind can conceive, and these excellencies exist in a degree inconceivable to us. Again I am informed that the world is ruled by a Being whose attributes are infinite, but what they are we cannot learn, nor what are the principles of his government, except that the highest human morality of which we are capable of conceiving does not sanction them; convince me of it and I will bear my fate as I may. But when I am told that I must believe this, and at the same time call this Being by the names which express and affirm the highest human morality, I say in plain terms that I will not. Whatever power such a Being may have over me, there is one thing which He shall not do, He shall not compel me to worship Him. I will call no being good, who is not what I mean when I apply that epithet to my fellow creatures, and if such a being can sentence me to Hell for not so calling Him, to Hell I will go." Mill was evidently not of the same way of thinking as the Scottish Judge who told a prisoner that a wee-bit hanging would do him no harm. If Mill were now alive we would find that Hell had ceased to be an effective force in keeping men in the path of rectitude, and even the hopes of Heaven seem to have very little influence on their moral sentiments.

A good many of the forms of misery at present in the world are due to the fact that man has partaken of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and has not at the same time cultivated morality in its highest and noblest sense. The only way to keep some people happy is to keep them ignorant. Man has found out the destructive forces in nature, and God could scarcely be blamed if at some point in Einstein's fourth dimension a scientific Bolshevik blew the Earth and all that thereon is to smithereens, not

leaving one stone (Einstein) standing upon another. If we had a moral world, if everyone did as he would that others should do unto him, we would then have a happy world. A little of the teaching of John Calvin and John Knox, with all their doctrine of predestination, would do good; those who could not or would not conform to the highest principles of morality, would be recognised as damned already, and there would be no necessity to wait for a final judgment for their disposal.

Kant's views on the laws of causation are similar to Occam's razor, *entia non sunt multiplicanda praeeter necessitatem*; Newton's dictum, that we are to admit no more causes of natural phenomena than such as are both true and sufficient to explain their appearance; and Sir William Hamilton's law of parsimony, neither more nor more onerous causes are to be assumed than are necessary to account for the phenomena. Sir William Hamilton summed up the whole intellectual phenomena of causality, thus, *ex nihilo nihil, in nihilum nil posse reverti*.

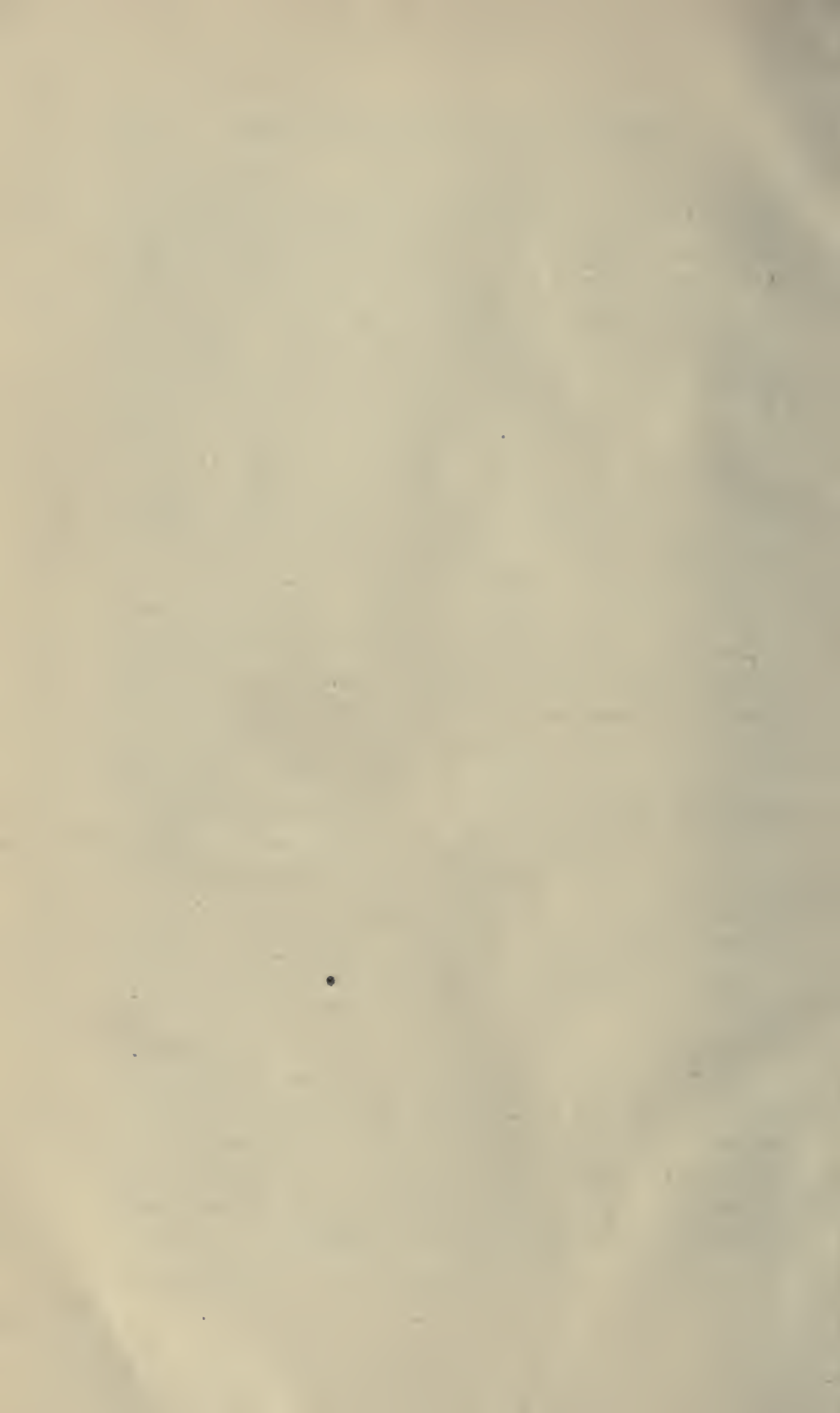
The great Faraday was amazed at so little wonder being excited as to how we appear in this world, live, and move and have our being. "Hence we come into this world, we live, and depart from it without our thoughts being called to specifically consider how all this takes place, and were it not for the exertions of a few inquiring minds who have looked into these doings, and ascertained the very beautiful laws and conditions by which we do live and stand upon this earth, we should hardly be aware that there was anything wonderful in it."

Mr. Balfour in dealing with the unsatisfying nature of the Ethics of Naturalism says, "We survey the past, and see that its history is of blood and tears, of helpless blundering, of wild revolt, of stupid acquiescence, of empty aspirations. We sound the future, and learn that

after a period, long compared with the individual life, but short indeed compared with the divisions of time open to our investigation, the energies of our system will decay, the glory of the sun will be dimmed, and the earth, tideless and inert, will no longer tolerate the race which has for a moment disturbed its solitude. Man will go down into the pit, and all his thoughts will perish. The uneasy consciousness, which in this obscure corner has for a brief space broken the contented silence of the universe, will be at rest. Matter will know itself no longer. 'Imperishable monuments' and 'immortal deeds,' death itself, and love stronger than death, will be as though they had never been."

"If naturalism be true, or rather, if it be the whole truth then is morality but a base catalogue of utilitarian precepts, beauty but the chance occasion of a passing pleasure; reason but the thin passage from one set of unthinking habits to another. All that gives dignity to life, all that gives value to effort, shrink and fade under the pitiless glare of a creed like this; and even curiosity, the hardest among the nobler passions of the soul, must languish under the conviction that neither for this generation nor for any that shall come after it, neither in this life nor in another, will the tie be wholly loosened by which reason, not less than appetite, is held in hereditary bondage to the service of our material needs."

Having, perhaps, wearied you long enough with philosophy I shall conclude in the language of Addison in his address to his soul: "The sun himself grow dim with age, and nature sink in years, but thou shalt flourish in immortal youth, unhurt amid the war of elements, the wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds."









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